

DISCORDER





LOST DAKOTAS SUN MACHINE

One of Canada's most successful independent bands is set to reach new levels with Cargo Records and MCA, and we're proud to represent them!

With a sound where pop, country, blues and rock don't necessarily meet, Sun Machine is diverse, intelligent, rootsy and heart warming...a true gem!

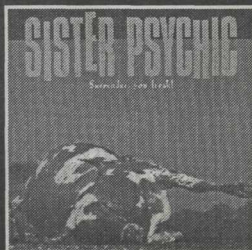
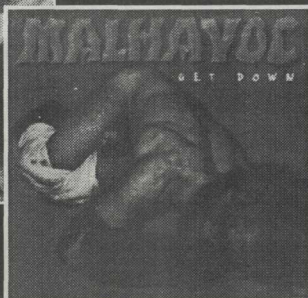
Includes "Down" and the new single/video "Truth In Your Beauty".



MALHAVOC
GET DOWN

Malhavoc's highly anticipated new album (and Cargo/MCA debut) has been worth the wait! Produced by Dave "Rave" Ogilvie, *Get Down's* 16 tracks deliver a funkier style, melding aggressive and adventurous dance and hip hop styles to their trademark dark, industrial mix.

Includes "Naked", "Discipline" and "Happy House". AVAILABLE MAY 12!



SISTER PSYCHIC Surrender, You Freak!

"Guitar-crazed and dangerous...melodic abandon and guitar noise better than any band since Television." -Musician

Proving Seattle bands don't have to be flannel-clad grunge merchants, SISTER PSYCHIC have established themselves as one of the Northwest's (and North America's) most promising bands.



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GEORGE !... Check listings for
dates / venues / times!

**MORE CONCERTS... GREG GINN & RIG (May 7, Starfish Room),
POND & BITE (May 19, Starfish Room), KILLDOZER (May 29, Town Pump)**

DISORDER

May 1994 Issue #136

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Deadlines: copy deadline for June '94 (8137) is May 9; for July (8138) is June 13. Please reserve ad space early by calling Tania Alekson at (604) 822-3017. Our advertising rates are available upon request. Discorder is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, and transparencies), or any other unsolicited materials. Material can be submitted on disk (Mac™, preferably), in legible print or in type. As always, English is preferred.

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Call the CTR: (604) 822-CTTR, our offices @ 822-3017, our news and sports lines @ 222-2487, fax @ (604) 822-4364, or write:

Discorder
#231-6138 318 Boulevard
Vancouver, B.C. Canada
V6T 1Z1

dis-cover

Calgary artist/designer/musician, Tom Bagley plays in town this month with his Forbidden Dimension. We'll be there if we can drag out our Art Director, whom we presume this month's cover is in tribute to?

dis-contents

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Chipmunks and Squirrels
- 6 subtext
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- 9 A comic potpourri
- 10 How to win friends and influence people. Pavement's Steve Malkamus takes up the slack.
- 11 Bootsy Collins
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- 12 Porksword
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- 13 Machines of Loving Grace
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preferred listening during...

Tori Amos Under the Pink, Arvo Pärt's Xerxes, Asa Poyas Grim, Brace Yourself! A tribute to Otis Blackwell, Jaap Blonk Liederden Uit der Iem, Rick Cava and the Bad Seeds Live Seeds, Charubé Heroin Man, Drive Like Jaha Yank Crime, Everclear World of Noise, Steve Risk Over and Through the Night—A 10 Year Retrospective, Kenny Garrett African Exchange Student, Giant Sand Centre of the Universe, Idle Downers Pharmacy, Meises Tastes Like Chicken, Mirvana in Utero, Offspring Ignition, Smash, Pavement Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain, Potbelly Gled, Queen Sarah Saturday Weave, Raymond and Peter Shut Up Little Man, Rocket from the Crypt Paint as a Fragrance, Seaweed four, Sicko You Can Feel the Love in this Room, Sonic Youth Go, Fine Chopp Nibbly, Uncle Joe's Big Ol' Driver, Wedding Present Peel Sessions 1987-90, Zoom

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667 • 6138

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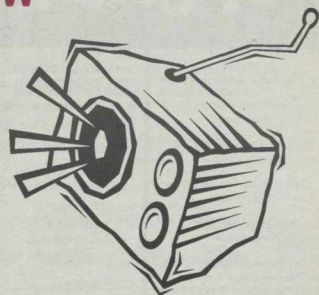


We'll be at the conference in Fredricton, N.B. this summer and we're willing to take your demos and promotional material along for the ride but only if you get 'em to us by June 10, 1994. For more information on how your band can be the next Canadian College Rock phenomenon, call Linda at 822-3017 during business hours.



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(they'll get it later)



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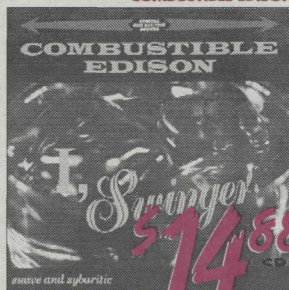
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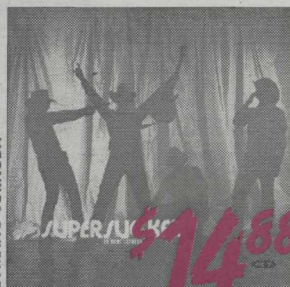
THE WHITE BIRCH

COMBUSTIBLE EDISON



I, SWINGER

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LA MANO CORNUDA

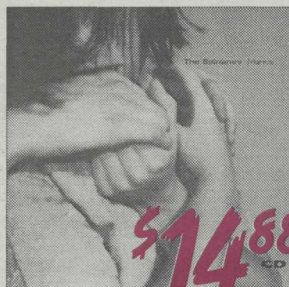
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AIRHEAD

Lately, my duties as an Editor and the future of *Discorder* Magazine, as well as my future with the magazine, have been questioned. What I thought were fundamental and absolute tasks, which anyone in the position of overseeing the publishing of print would follow, apparently are not. Gone are the days of proper sentence structure, grammar and basic writing skills. No body cares about that anymore. I'm told, the kids just wanna read. In a tradition I'm growing quickly tired of, I'm left to defend my title and all it evidently doesn't stand for.

"Why edit material at all?"

"Why not publish everything that's submitted?"

Why even have an Editor, I ask?

Sally, with the increase in popularity of fanzines and do-it-yourself publishing, a certain ratio of the non-mainstream music press

readership has learned to read "punk." Loosely defined, by print media conditions, punk credo subscribers to photocopying, minimum production cost, the abandon of basic grammar/spelling skills and no computer assistance [*note: of course there are always exceptions to the rule.]. Now, although *Discorder* may have adopted that punk persona for one moment in time (when we first started publishing 11 years ago) that does not mean we'll be taking it to, or let it put us in, our grave. The punk albatross shall be dangled from the necks of the world over after people soon realize that a recalled line item from history is being sold back to them with a new coat of paint; there is no need for *Discorder* to take part in that tomfoolery when so many others can do such a better job.

Discorder's mandate is simple: to publish a music magazine,

respected by our readers and advertisers, and to do it monthly (why, when and by whom we got burdened with "the local scene mag" myth is anybody's guess). As *Discorder's* Editor, fulfilling that mandate is paramount for me and, coincidentally enough, it's also my job. The key word here is "job." I get paid whether or not you can put the before & I get paid to "do your's" and cross all your t's." Whereas some would prefer I just sit on my ass and put people on guest lists, I take great pride in making your submissions enjoyable and, above all, readable. And that, I believe, is what has upset more contributors than not.

Discorder's decision to print submitted material is based on quality and content (given that respective priority) and attention to a writing style, complimenting or in lieu of quality and content, is also taken

COWSHEAD CHRONICLES

SPRING. HMMM...YOUNG LOVERS EVERYWHERE ARE SCAMPERING TO DRUGSTORES IN SEARCH OF JUST THE RIGHT RUBBER OR, PERHAPS, A SPONGE OR TWO OR, EVEN BETTER, THE EVER-POPULAR TRIPLE-PACK OF TRIPHASAL (STOCKPILE IS THE WORD HERE, GET AHEAD, BUY IN VOLUME). SURE THERE'S AN EXPIRY DATE BUT IT'S YEARS AWAY, NO NEED TO PANIC—AT LEAST NOT YET. SPRING ALSO MEANS GETTING THAT ARM IN SHAPE. NOTHING LIKE PERFECTING THAT THROW TO HOME OR PERHAPS A LINE SHOT ON THE TAPE TO THE FIRSTBASEMAN THAT HE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE TO STRETCH TO GET. YOU'VE ALSO GOT TO GET THAT BAT SPEED UP AND RUNNING...DON'T WANT TO BE SWINGING LONG AFTER THE BALL IS IN THE CATCHER'S MITT. YOU MAY AS WELL PLAY FOR THE WHITE SOX IF THAT'S HOW YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY. AND ANOTHER THING, DON'T BE SCARED TO STEP RIGHT INTO THE BATTER'S BOX AND LOOK LIKE YOU MEAN BUSINESS. YOU MAY GET HIT BUT IT AIN'T GONNA KILL YA, AND DON'T FORGET A LITTLE SUNSCREEN EITHER. YOU SUN WORSHIPPERS, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD TAN. I TELL YOU, EXCEPT WHEN YOU'RE FIFTY AND YOUR NOSE FALLS OFF 'CAUSE YOU WANTED TO LOOK LIKE GEORGE HAMILTON. AND DON'T FORGET TO CRUISE AROUND WITH YOUR TOP DOWN. EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE A CONVERTIBLE CHISEL OFF THE TOP OF YOUR RIDE AND GET DOWN, YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK UNLESS OF COURSE YOU BUY A NEW CAR. EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE A CAR, YOU CAN STILL GO ABOUT TOWN WITH YOUR TOP DOWN. NO HAG HEY, ALL YOU GUYS WITH BIG GUTS. LET'S SEE 'EM. I LOVE IT WHEN YOU GUYS ROAM THE STREETS AND SHOW US YOUR ALL. THERE'S NOTHING BETTER THAN A GUY WITH A GUT THAT YOU COULD SET A BEER ON. BRAVO, BRAVO. SO WE'LL SEE YOU AT THE CANADIANS GAMES. AND DON'T YOU DARE BE LATE OR SIT UNDER THE ROOF (REGARDLESS OF THE WEATHER) BECAUSE SECTION TEN RULES. O.K. GTH



into account. The percentage of submissions to *Discorder* that need little (meaning fact and spell checking), if any, editing is very small and staggering. For instance, in this issue the only pieces which fall into that small percentage are Garnet T. Harry's "Cowhead Chronicles," Judith Breman's subtext, John Brunstion's "Classical Beat," Lex Vegas' review of the Inspiral Carpets' *Devil Hopping* and Mark Kleiner's review of Material Issue's *Freak City Soundtrack*. Remember that and/or refer to said articles the next time you ask me how come *Discorder* doesn't print everything it receives, or why your submission was edited, or why I'm not going to call you before any changes are made to it. It's not very easy telling someone they're a bad writer and many of you would probably not want to trade jobs with me if not only for that reason. But if you can think of an easier way to tell someone that they're a lousy writer without bruising their "artistic" or "creative" ego, then I'll be the first to draft up a form letter. Until then, take a few correspondence courses and lose the chip on your shoulder because "if you don't want it edited, don't fucking write it."

Paul T. Brooks
Editor

April showers bring May flowers. So what do May showers bring? I don't know either but with the courtesy of the people at MCA records *Discorder* is going to try and help

you brighten up those overcast days. Be one of the first 5 to mail us a postcard with your return address and what-not on it and we'll guarantee that a CD copy of Hole's *Live Through This* arrives in your mailbox as briskly as postal possible. On the bright side, May showers bring fewer rollerbladers! Send postcards to:



Live Through This May
clo *Discorder*
rn 233-6138 Sub blvd.
Vancouver, B.C.
V6K 1E9

Dear Airhead,

I realize that *Discorder* has a mandate (see under "Office Use Only") to show the rest of the ignorant world that it is indeed elitist when displaying its superior knowledge of the wide world of music. And I understand that the contributors display personal taste and have bias subject to their digression. I know this, I obey this and I think it's great.

But there's one of you who picks my ass. Dear Mr. S. Hemelryck, you sir, are a musical snob. You don't like anything unless it's British and even then, you

don't think highly of it. You shelved *Medicine* simply because they're American? Obviously, you are devoid of an open mind. I'm not criticizing your "Britishness," a lot of my good friends are British, but at least they credit merit to those deserving, regardless of geographical locale. If *Medicine* didn't turn your crank, fine, but if where they came from is the reason,

Chris Chen



Dear

Discorder,

During our banishment here in Toronto (you know, like Tonto until bigger) we have tried in earnest to forget your goofy zine. However, urge overcomes intelligence and we find ourselves searching for anything to occupy our time. Therefore, not being able to afford our daily Prozac any longer on our overdiminishing student loans, we were hoping you could send subscription info.

Many thanx and sloppy kisses,
J. & L.
Toronto, ON.

Dear *Discorder*,

Thanks for reminding me that my subscription to your magazine is running out. I will of course be renewing it, since I love receiving news of local Vancouver bands, and I also love reading the airhead section + life with the family endy + band interviews + reviews. I especially enjoyed the recent interview with Timothy Leary. I do want to mention to you that I have changed my address, so please send the next issue to my new address (below).

Thanks in advance
Yours sincerely

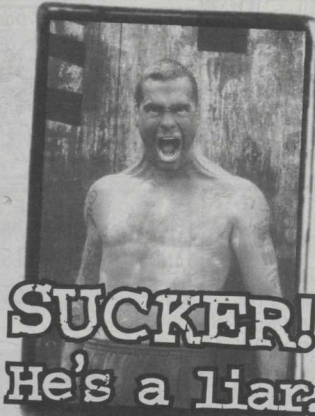
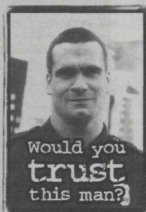
Charles Murray

P.S. Enclosed is a cheque for \$15.00 please send me 12 more issues, and keep up the good work.

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Scott Frampton
CMJ, April 4/94

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SECRETS ENTRUSTED
TO A FEW

BY JUDITH BEEMAN

If this is May I must be recovering from Conux-A-Go-Go! A great big thanks to everyone who donated their time and energy to the project. When the final accounting is done I'll reveal how much nuthaw was raised for the Little Sisters Legal Defence fund. No more projects for this kid, at least until the Fall.

The Women Between the Worlds (Dell, \$16.95)

F. Gwynplaine MacIntyre's *Women Between the Worlds* is about Vanessa, who leaves her own land because of a nasty dictator known as the Dreadful Eye (corny or what?). Vanessa vows to return to her world and fight The Dreadful Eye but is torn between wanting to remain on the planet Earth. One problem: Vanessa is invisible.

Vanessa enlists the help of the male lead, whose name I don't believe was once, a price is set and our man begins the long process of a body tattoo in flesh tone. The inevitable romance between Vanessa and the male lead is then nicely set up: between the building passion comes contact with Aleister Crowley who is enlisted to help the couple find their way back to Vanessa's world to free the masses. The adventure really gets going when this group travels to the other dimension—the battle of good over evil is gripping; however, I found

the book ended in a flurry of activity which was disappointing and somewhat dizzying.

Bob Flanagan: Super Masochist (Re/Search, \$19.95)

Talking about fantasies! The latest Re/Search book features one of their friends, Bob Flanagan, who has made a name for himself in the underground for his performance works and books detailing his sexual interests. I've long ago devoted myself to Re/Search and will collect any book they come out with, this being no exception—aside from being educational they look fab laid out on my bookshelf, how could I stop now?—however, Bob's

story can be told in less space than this fairly thin volume and the photos get a bit tedious: Bob tied up, Bob tied up in yet another position, Bob smiling on his birthday, another photo of Bob smiling on his birthday etc. ... *Super Masochist* should have profiled a few other masochists to give the readers some better insight into the lifestyle and more bang for their book-buying dollar.

Life After God (Pocket Books, \$20.00)

Through the Habitrails (Bad Habit, \$13.50)

Douglas Coupland's third book is as passionate as his previous, *Generation X* and *Shampoo Planet*, however Coupland has written the first Big Little Book™ for adults with *Life After God*. The size, as do the hand-drawn pictures by Doug himself, help nerds this distinction—most pages contain a complete passage along with a drawing: a martini glass, a shovel, a leaf blowing in the wind etc. And a true Big Little Book would show Dick Tracy on the trail of a mystery the imagery here reveals neglected objects which strike a chord with the storyteller. A nifty format doesn't mask the fact that this somber read is chock full of depressing observations on life; nevertheless, while we can do without speculation about what the big one is going to fall (the wrong run), the remaining seven tales are splendid.

Jeff Nicholson has been publishing his own comics since the mid-80s and his new collection of stories *Through the Habitrails* captures the destiny of a commercial artist running a "reality" existence in both work and his love life. Although Nicholson, in the book's forward, "dreads" the thought that anyone would think *Through the Habitrails* is an autobio comic, he goes on to say there is "some degree" of autobiography taking place but only as "tinner mumbings." Anyone who has ever had an office job involving a "work station" will readily relate to what Jeff lays down and cat lovers, you've been warned, will have a hard time with a certain story (*tres violent*). Some of this work has previously been published in the cancelled Taboo series of graphic horror.

Also, Jeff's 31-issue run of *Ultra Kite* (initially a loose parody of the Japanese TV hero Ultraman) led to the more somber *Last Laugh* (issue N°4 out this month) and the upcoming *Father and Son* comic (which, help us, appears to be Gen-X style hi-jinks). Look for a phone book-sized reproduction of the entire *Ultra Kite* series, 320 pages, available in July. Write Jeff Nicholson at: P.O. Box 3684, Chico, CA 95927

On May 26th the Malcolm Lowry Room (in the North Burnaby Inn, waaaay the heck up Hastings St.) will preview a film-noir crime drama which will be part of this year's Jazz Festival. The "cast" is a band led by Peter Huron and the work, "Guilted Blood," is by Ross MacDonald. (Attention cyclists: have you taken the Adanac bike route to Burnaby yet? It's perfect.)

I finally made it to one of the **Tongue of the Slip** performances, which feature poetry, music and dance, at the Glass Slipper (2714 Prince Edward, just behind the Biltmore Hotel). On May 17th the musical guest is Rancid Dog with Mark Campbell (bass), Barry Taylor (drums) and Thomas Anfield (guitar). Johann Lalonde and Dave Say (sax) will also perform a performance piece. The five-dollar cover goes to the performers and refreshments are available.

Nick Bantock's *Griffin and Sabine* trilogy is an exceptional mix of art and writing; a fascinating love story told through "the mail" (the reader opens envelopes to reveal the letters). On Saturday, June 18th Bantock, along with co-writer Barbara Hoshorn (*Esperanto Jukebox*) and Celia King (*Seven Wonders of the Modern World*) will give a workshop at the SFU downtown campus on multi-dimensional books, their history and craft. This two-hour workshop is \$15.00. For further information call 291-5100.

COMPUTER-EASE

Tired of the "Generation X" term? That's nothing compared to how sick you're going to be of the "information highway" buzzterm, made doubly nauseating if the word "super" gets thrown in as well. However, being online is wonderful and you can "meet" the most interesting people: the power of e-mail got me in touch with **Jessica Abel**. Jessica lives in Chicago and

amazing dream to illustrate for an upcoming issue (I'm sending in my nightmare about the time I woke up thinking my husband had chopped his arm off, so send your dream his way @ P.O. Box 8081, Santa Cruz, CA 95061). There's a new company online called **Bibliobytes** who are offering us a chance to download copies of books and pay by credit card. Bibliobytes will specialize in hard-to-find, controversial and out of print books as well as works by first-time authors. Books will be sold for the lowest price of currently available editions. For more info contact or call 212-1600 or e-mail the publisher, Glen Hauman <hauman@abb.com>. To request a free sample of *Crashcourse*, a SF tale/first novel by **Wilhemina Baird** send a message to <crashcourse@bb.com> and specify what file format.

David Lasky is from Seattle and his comic, *Boom Boom*, is now being published by AEON. Lasky lends his focus to biography: the last issue of his mini-comic told us about John Lee Hooker and Pablo Picasso! Also from Seattle is **Dan Savage** whose "Savage Love" advice column can be found, locally, in *Terminal City* and in the ever incredible *Stranger*, from his town. Savage, a none-too-subtle yet characteristically humorous fellow has now produced his own comic book, also titled *Savage Love*. In *Hell's Bells* is a most exciting local "zine" and it's free! The mag, which covers lifestyle and sexuality issues, is somewhat hard to find due to a small print run (400 copies) but by May 15, *Issue 2* (3710/24-hour machine). Gee Whiz dept: Two local "zines have published comics I've submitted! *Self Esteem Queen #2* has my eight-panel strip called "Where's Mike" (true story) and *Wow! #2* printed a small piece about my feelings towards the *Latin* fringe nightclub **Martin Wales**, creator of *Kinder Nacht*, is living in Victoria these days and his scooter/Ska-based adventure comic has now been picked up by a major distributor (read greater exposure) in the States. #6 is the new issue.



has so far published two issues of her swell comic, *Artbabe*, which averages one issue per year. Sex, coffee and, of course, music are the topics. Handwritten with a personalized touch this is a great deal for two bucks postpaid (US funds). Write Jessica @ 1573 N. Milwaukee Ave., #423, Chicago, IL 60622. I also met **Jesse Reklaw** online and he sent me his digitized comic, of which there are eight, titled *Knot!* Right now Jesse's having a contest to find the most

Through the
Habitrails

by Jeff
Nicholson



what people are reading

Ever wonder what "People are Reading" I do. Gillian Gaar, superb pop-culture writer from Seattle, took the time to write and tell subtext.

Reading has been a part of my life since I learned how to do it. It's as simple as that. Here are some of the authors who have shaped me over the years:

Childhood/Adolescent Heroes: Charles Schultz, A. A. Milne, E. B. White, Lewis Carroll, Paul Zindel and S. E. Hinton.

Novels that Created an Emotional Whirlpool: 1984 by George Orwell, *Dracula* by Bram Stoker, *Wuthering Heights* by Emily Brontë and *The Handmaid's Tale*

by Margaret Atwood. All of these books gave me the shivers—literally. It's rare for me to have such a visceral response to a book.

The Great American Novel (one of them, anyway): *Valley of the Dolls* by Jacqueline Susann. **College Years:** Lillian Hellman, Dorothy Parker and Sam Shepard.

Post-College Years: Fay Weldon and Edna O'Brien.

Books that Best Capture the Spirit of the Northwest: *Shadowland* by William Arnold and *The Stranger Beside Me* by Ann Rule.

Hobby Books: OK, I admit it, I collect kitschy, outdated books about sex such as: *Velvet Underground* by Michael Leigh (another no-holds-barred view to that hidden world of sexual depravity), *Sex & the Coad* by James B. Fairly (A comprehensive study of the morals

and attitudes of the college female—and their prey") and *The Grapevine* by Jas Stearn ("A report on the secret world of the lesbian").

All Time Ravin' Faves: *The Orion Diaries* by Joe Orton. A shattering look inside a brilliant writer's mind. *Hit Men* by Fredric Dannen. One of the best books about the business side of the music industry. I wonder how many young hopefuls this scares away from the biz? *England's Dreaming* by Jon Savage. A fascinating look at the rise (and fall) of punk. *Backlash* by Susan Faludi.

Until the publication of this book I thought I was just paranoid. You mean there was actually another woman in the U.S. thinking along the same lines as myself? Amazing! And if you make it through that why not consider *Beyond Power* by Marilyn French. This book goes a long way towards explaining how we got into this mess in the first place. It's basically a history of brutality, of women by men, and of men by men, illustrating how power enslaves both the oppressed and the oppressor in an unholy bond.

The End Result (My Accomplishments: Where I Ailed Me): Senior Editor at *The Rocket* magazine. I've also written *Sex, Drugs and Opinion*, *Pulse*, *Hit*, *The Bob*, *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* and the *(Tacoma) Morning News-Tribune*. I've also put out my own fazzines: one on an obscure U.K. band called the 45's and *For the Love of Kate*, about Kate Buck and, my grade and opinion, my own book: *She's a Rebel: The History of Women in Rock & Roll* from Seattle's own Seal Press. It's still available, why not buy it today?

After a series of idiotic postponements on my part I finally managed an interview with Brent J. Cooper, lead guitarist for those lyricless rock moguls from Calgary, Huevos Rancheros. I wasn't disappointed at all as Brent proved to be as fun, frantic and fascinating as the music on Huevos Rancheros' latest CD, *Endsville* (C/Z Records). Whether or not he found it as interesting has yet to be read...

Disorder: So does Calgary have the big zoo or is that Edmonton?
Brent: No, Edmonton has the World's Biggest Stupid Mall. There's even a prostitution and drug ring going on in there. We went there for the first time as a group last Fall.

The seedy area of the West Edmonton Mall; a very frightening Orwellian future. So what do you think of Vancouver?
 Well, there are a lot of really great bands out there, and I've got a lot of friends out there, but there seems to be this "Sign me, Sign me" attitude, rather than [bands] just going out to rock.

So you're not looking for, like, Tragically Hip status? I think that would be kind of funny. It's kind of funny that we've made it as far as we have so far. What do you think of the Vancouver scene?

Me? It seems very cardboard; like some of the bands are copying more successful groups just so they can be the local version of the Cramps or Jane's Addiction, whatever. But a lot of the music here is really good: cub, the Smugglers, the Shadmakers. Who do you look to for inspiration? The Ramones, obviously. And a good meal is always nice.

A good meal of huevos rancheros? What is huevos rancheros, exactly?
 Okay, first you fry up a tortilla, then you slap some

of your favorite kind of eggs on there—maybe scrambled—then you add some salsa or some refried beans on the side; maybe guacamole. It's a universal meal.

The Mexican contribution to world cuisine. You got it.

Has any singer ever come up and offered their services to you?
 Oh, yeah.

How common is that?
 It doesn't really happen that much anymore. One time when we were in Victoria this guy came up to us going on about "Oh, you guys are great but I'm the guy who can take you to the top. I got the words and I got the voice," and he wouldn't let up. He was actually quite humorous.

So what did you end up saying to him?
 [Laughs] "See you later."

He probably just wanted to look cool in front of the chicks.
 It might have worked because we didn't get any.

Do you write your songs dedicating them to anything? If so, do you have to compensate through the music for the absence of lyrics?
 It's kind of hard to get a message in there but we could start writing songs with lovely, sort of, rain forest titles. The title of the song just makes us laugh. We could call them anything.

Do you agree that Canadian music is good but most Canadian movies are bad, with the exception of *Highway 61* and the likes?
 I think the Canadian movie industry is too small to crank out a lot of good stuff. There's probably a lot of really good stuff that we don't even know about.

What was your favorite cartoon as a kid?
Spiderman. Spiderman was a superhero with angst. All the other superheroes were like those Vancouver bands: "I'm great and I know it."

I have a poster on my wall from when you played out here with the Rattled Roosters.
 That was our first Vancouver gig.

How did you get that gig?
 We met the Rattled Roosters when we were playing in Calgary, Edmonton and Saskatoon with them. It was kind of goofy, actually. The Vancouver show was the goofiest.

What made it goofy?
 Well, we didn't get paid. We did the stupidest thing imaginable, that was to come out on the bus. I still have a scar from that, I'm sure.

Where do you work?
 I work at a button factory.

Are those buttons that say things or just shirt buttons? I never thought of that, that's just my standard line. I stole that from a Ramones interview. We told some guys in Victoria that I worked in a button factory and that Graham [Evans, bass player] worked in a hat factory.

What's the worst job that you've ever had?
 I once built bicycles for Canadian Tire.

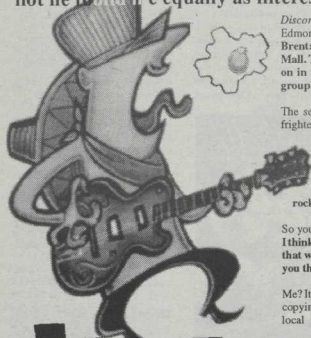
How long did you last at that job?
 About six weeks.

What's your favorite book?
 Oh, I read a lot. I certainly like Kurt Vonnegut. I like Edward Gort; he's a writer/illustrator guy.

Did you ever read *The Catcher in the Rye*?
 I read it about fifteen years ago.

How old are you?
 I can't tell you. We're up on the Stray Cats' age secrecy pact.

Casting your starry gaze into the future of Huevos Rancheros what do you see?
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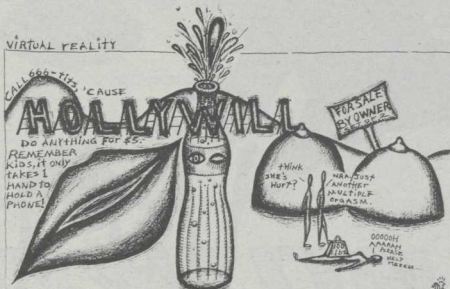
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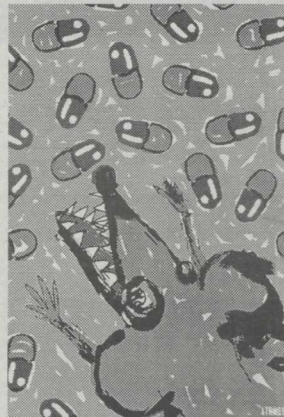
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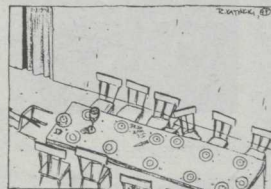
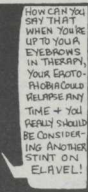


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Sean Raggett Miko Hoffman

"Out on tour with the Smashing Pumpkins, nature kids, they don't have a function. I don't understand what they mean, and I could really give a fuck." — Pavement (from "Range Life")

Spawned in the foothills of Stockton, California, Pavement has evolved from a trio of studio hacks (Steve Malkmus, Spiral Stairs, and engineer-cum-drummer Gary Young) into a full-fledged touring band who are lo-fi heroes of the indie-rock scene. After releasing a compilation of their 7" singles for Drag City records (*Westing—By Market and Sextant*), followed by a full-length album on Matador Records (1992's *Slanted and Enchanted*), they are now on tour in support of their latest release, *Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain*. Disorder spoke with Pavement's singer, Steven Malkmus, who called from a fuzzy payphone in Texas.

Disorder: Hello, who am I speaking with? Steven Malkmus, singer and guitarist of Pavement.

What part of Texas are you in? We're in Austin, the state capital.

Have you played there yet? No, we're on right after I talk to you. I'm actually on the street corner because we don't have a hotel yet. I'm just putting in my time doing some interviews

before the show. There's a band called Bailter Space playing before us and they're gonna go on any minute.

How long have you been touring with Bailter Space? 4 shows. Before them we also played with Codeine and a band called Helium. We hook up with a lot of other bands on the way—a lot of one-word bands, normally.

Blaise Pascal opened for you last time you were in Vancouver. Did you personally ask them to open for you a second time?

Yeah, we liked meeting them when we were in Vancouver last time. We heard their *e-filer* E.P., it was cool, and anything we can do for nice people who make a good record we're gonna help out. I really like that first song on that CD, (singing) "we go down, down, down...." They've got more in them, you know. They're coming out on some of our shows and that'll be great.

Where has the tour taken you so far?

We came from Florida and New Orleans to get here and it was a very nice drive but what can I say? There are more surprises and less stress if we don't know where we're going. We're driving around in a small rented van, it's an American make, and it's got big windows, power-steering, cruise control and power

brakes. It's wonderful.

Last year you toured the east coast of Australia with Crow, a Sydney band, will you be touring with them again?

They played with us last year. I don't think you could call it supporting. We'll probably play with them again 'cause they're nice people and they make a hell of a racket, so they're welcome along.

Did you start touring before the new album, *Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain*, came out?

We did in Europe but in America it's been out and, yeah,

people have been coming out to the shows and dancing in the aisles.

Did you notice an increase in attendance at the shows after the release of the album?

Not particularly in England because we played small enough venues that most of them sold out. We always tend to play small places and get big crowds, which is nice.

It seems like a lot of the song material on *Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain* is about touring. It seems kind of a tongue-in-cheek.

Yeah, sometimes there are a few mentions but, in the end, that's a separate dialogue from the actual meaning of the record. I think. It's like a little sidetrack; it turns out to be a dead end, critically. I think it's interesting that there are a lot of references to touring and rock and roll in general but I think if the album was a family tree that would be one family that moved to Idaho and we never heard from again.

I was thinking, in particular, about your song "Range Life" where you mention the Smashing Pumpkins and the Stone Temple Pilots.

Yeah, that one has more of a topographical element to it and it's more specifically mentioning things like that. It's true, that song does mention those groups and it is about touring, but in the end it's a coming-of-age song about the redemptive qualities of music and life, and not petty little things like what those bands are doing.

Have you heard any comments from the bands that you mention in that song?

I heard that the Stone Temple Pilots are coming to our show in L.A. but that's a long rumour. As far as the Smashing Pumpkins go, I haven't met any of them and they're pretty busy: they're touring a lot and they probably don't have time to think about us. In the end, it's sort

of a compliment to them that we mentioned them. I would like to be mentioned in another group's song. I think that's good, whether it's derogatory or positive, if I see our name in another band's interview. I don't mind it, in fact I'm flattered in some ways. It's just a perverse 90's way of flattering other bands by mentioning them. It's the only way we can really talk to them, through our records, similar to our fans.

What are some other bands that are new and exciting to you these days?

I like the Palace Brothers from Louisville and there's a few more, I'm sure. That Dog, they're on Geffen, a major label band, they're pretty cool.

You recorded *Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain* on a 24 track, is that right?

Yes, intentionally. It wasn't any different. It's just 8 more tracks than our other releases and it wasn't like we used extra tracks to make our sound bigger. There was always the same amount of microphones on and we just had more time to waste. It's hard to believe but we've always recorded in big studios—well, not really big. We've always done our best to damage [our records] but there's enough damage going on in the world so we thought we'd try and bring a little life and revert into the

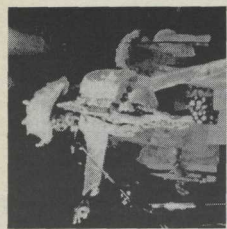
world on one of our records and see if that runs it. It's sort of an experiment for us to see what it's like in any context.

Do you find that you're getting a much wider audience now that you're distributed by Warner? I don't know. We're on different kinds of radio stations but I don't know how many records we're selling. MTV and radio aren't important. It's the people who care enough about the band to be a supporter that I want to connect with, not for financial reasons but just because they're the serious music fans who listen more than once to your songs and maybe listen closely.



photo's by Joel Fraser





BOOTS4!

Bootsy Collins, leader of the Rubber Band, is taking it to the stage once again. He formed the Rubber Band in 1975 as a side project to his bass playin' duties in Parliament and Funkadelic and released seven albums between then and 1982. Bootzilla then took a break from 13 years under the stage light and started getting back into it with his own *Jungle Bass* EP in 1990, and now the Boot-funk-slip is takin' off again. On March 24, 1994, I talked to Bootsy on the phone from a rehearsal studio somewhere in the eastern United States. Here's what went down:

Adam
"Bootsy" Sloan
Interviews
William
"Bootsy" Collins
!!!

Bootsy: Hey, how ya doin'?

DISORDER: All right. We're getting ready to start it up again. We got the guys in here and we're rehearsin' the show.

"Who ya got with ya?"

Ax: We got Frankie Kash, the original Bootsy's Rubber Band Drummer; Mudbone Cooper, Razor Sharp, keyboard player; Dime Worldell Grey, Fish, he's playin' keyboards; two horns from the S.O.S. Band; two guitar players; and a Catfish [Bootsy's brother who used to play guitar with him and James Brown in '69 and '71] style and the other guys from Color Me Badd's band. So you know, we're gonna get back out there and rip it up a little bit.

That's cool. I heard that you've got some new material comin' out.

Yea, in May and June we got new material comin' out. Rykodisc is puttin' out Zillation and Blackout of the Universe, by Bootsy's New Rubber Band, and we got a compilation comin' out on Warner Brothers, and that's like a best-of. I'm also doin' another LP with Ice Cube, and that's comin' out on Bootzilla Records.

Yea, I was just listenin' to the track "Hop Gun" on his new album that he did with George Clinton.

Yea, he's pretty on it! So that's what I've been doin' up until now—recordin'—gettin' the stuff ready to come out for the summer time.

Cool! I was wonderin' how many basses you've got?

Oh wow. I would say about 10 or 11. I've still got my original bass that James Brown gave me and a couple of custom space basses. I still favor the first space bass. I had made for me, that's the one I travel with on the road and play all the time.

So are you gettin' into rap a little bit?

Well, you know, rap was just like the funk was: when it came out it wasn't commercial so it took some time, so it kinda followed the same course that funk did, and that's probably why I relate to it. Funk was just straight out the streets just like we were and so was rap.

I saw something on TV where you were interviewed by the British comedian Benny Henry who was doin' a special on funk. What was that like?

Ax: That was great! We was on tour with Dime-Lite and we were over in Europe at the time, and they said 'Hey, let's go into that music store where they got nuttin' but basses and they hooked me up and told me to rap for it.

And you've done "Rock School" too.

Yea, I like to do that kind of stuff. Man, I'm just lookin' forward to comin' on through 'cause as Bootsy's Rubber Band we haven't played Vancouver—we came through with Dime-Lite but not with any thing. I'm just so glad to still be around. I just left New York where I just finished up a project with Dave Stewart who used to be in the Barythmics, you know, and he was doin' an album with me, Bernie and [Funkadelic drummer] Jerome "Bigfoot" Brasley, and we wrote the rhythm section. We wrote the whole record. And that should be out too, around June.

How'd you hook up with him?

He wanted your kinda sound and he contacted us and we just happened to be all at the same time, so we did it sure. And he knows his thing and that with the groove that we put up under it is kinda fresh. The texture and the combination of the different elements is pretty happenin'. I think it's gonna surprise a few people.

So what's the state of the funk these days?

Well, it's becoming exciting again because before, in the late '80's, it had got to the point of "What are we gonna do now?" 'cause live musicians were dead, and

out, but it seems like it's really comin' back, and at a time when we really feel like gettin' back out as well, so it's kinda perfect.

Alright, I can't wait to see the show. Talk to ya later.

B: Yea, see you there.

Bootsy and his Rubber Band came through town on Thursday, March 28 and let the funk flow thru the Commodore sound system at top volume to Vancouver's eagerly awaiting funk mob. It was the first show on a quick tour of North America to give his fans a taste of the funk and soulful style, playing his earlier Bootsy's Rubber Band material. According to another reviewer in this town the show was fraught with quality, such as bad sound and volume that was way too high, but I was front and center with earplugs and everything was A-OK. Bootsy tore the roof off the Marlin for over an hour, with Bernie Weirrell keeping the crowd with a high-pitched barrage of super amplified noise while the band took a mid-set break. And of course, the Man, Dime Grey Collins, in all his glory, costumed, a place bowed glory, played like the player he is. He kept his playing kinda minimal but very effective, releasing extra-heavy funk in the low frequency when not on the note and letting one of the three keyboardists put down bell-fart analog keyboard textures when Bootsy was releasing the funk through his hands. Supplement that with trumpet and trombone players, Frankie "Kash" Waddy on drums, two guitarists and two backing singers and you've got The Funky 492s to come from this town since P-Funk 492's left in September 1982.

B&W Photo
by Adam
Sloan

Roseann Nasser

Have you ever been to Saskatoon? Most people haven't. Like most, if you've ever been to Saskatchewan you've driven right through it—they tend to overlook it thinking there is nothing to do. What few realize is that Saskatoon is famous for its Saskatoon Berry Pie and home-grown talent like hockey great Gordie Howe, Jon Mitchell and the Northern Pikes. And most recently a fun punk rock band named Porkword has emerged from the city's midst.

In their short year-and-a-half existence, Porkword has been doing extremely well. They have released two E.P.s, Porkword Fever and Super Discharger, which have topped their community radio station music charts and they've amassed a following (Friends of Porkword) which tails the band religiously from gig to gig. Why? Because their music is good rocking fun and the band members, vocalist Graham "Poop" Andrews, guitarist Craig "Jon Jovi" Lindsay, bassist Steven Jodrell and drummer "Farmer" Stu Scott (a.k.a. Stubbie Hasselhoff), enjoy performing. Whether it be at last summer's Highwood Music Festival or with the likes of Jr. Gone Wild, the Flestones, Hanson Brothers, 13 Engines, Mushroom Trail, hHead or The Smalls, Porkword can always turn a few heads in their Johnny Cash satin blouses.

Running back to Saskatoon, Disorder interviewed Porkword about their musical influences, Highwood, their "Hear and Now" interview with Kevin Press and the meaning of "Cow Slut."

Disorder: How did you choose the name Porkword?

Poop: Sitting in front of 7-Eleven one night, in my dad's big, big blue velvet van, Jon Jovi and I were trying to decide on names for our band. Jon Jovi says to me, "We need a name like Pork (pause). Sword." I started to laugh.

But why pork?

Jon Jovi: It's the other white meat.

What are your personal musical influences?

Farmer Stu: Neil Young. Carmine Appice and A.J. Perot are my personal drumming influences.

Jon Jovi: Van Halen/Rock Gods of the '80s. Rock guitar legends of the '80s, like Richie Sambora and John Bon Jovi, are my influences.

Stevens: Judas Priest and Black Sabbath are mine. I like crazy music like Loverboy, Def Leppard and Swedish music.

Poop: Neil Young, Frank Sinatra, Big Black, the Grateful Dead and Ayla from Green Hair.

Do your diverse tastes in music contribute to your sound?

Jon Jovi: Out of all the influences we only

When you have skin tight jeans and a large belt buckle, you deserve to be said about your style

like one or two as a group. We are not diverse at all. We like rock music.

Who does the songwriting?

Poop: Jon does.

Stevens: We all do the music.

What inspires your lyrics, Jon?

Jon Jovi: I don't know. T.V. is good. The show *Neon Rider* is good for a couple of lines. Words that rhyme and go together are usually the gist of the songwriting process.

Stevens: When Jon and I drive around in his mom's car we'll listen to a good '80s rock tape. Jon says that listening to music like "Eye of the Tiger" or bands like Journey, Men at Work, Kraftwerk, Trooper, Foreigner, Sheriff and Devo give him good ideas for songs.

How does a Porkword song come to be?

Farmer Stu: "Stu's Farm" is interesting in how it came about: we fooled around with the music and then the lyrics were put on top. Usually, Jon will come up with the guitar melody and lyrics and then play it for everybody. It changes a bit here and there. Sometimes Steve hears things. Like in "Stu's Farm" Steve would say, "Wait a second, I hear something!"

Porkword has a new song called "Cow Slut." What is a Cow Slut?

Jon Jovi: Take a walk down the street, anywhere.

Stevens: Go to Swift Current, Saskatchewan and stay there for three weeks. When you are really, really drunk one night in the local pub and a rodeo star comes in and plays hockey for an hour or two...that's what a cow slut is. Don't you think that's a good analogy, Jon?

Jon Jovi: It's not a cut-down, it's just an observation. When you have skin-tight jeans and a large belt buckle you deserve some words to be said about your style. It's different.

Poop: The song/meaning of a cow slut is not gender specific.

Tell Disorder about the "Hear and Now" interview? Who was that done with?

Poop: A guy named Kevin Press had a syndicated radio show out of Toronto. He played a couple of our songs on his show and then he decided that he wanted to do a show on Porkword. Theo Kivol, the music director at CFR community radio here in Saskatoon, gave Kevin my phone number so he phoned and interviewed us and did a whole show on us. It was his second-last show of syndication. Jon Jovi: Does he still have a show in Toronto? Graham: Yes, but it's not syndicated.

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Porksword played at Highwood '93 outside of Calgary. How was that experience?

Farmer Stu: It was super fun! We drew a lot of attention due to the scandal that occurred. We played on the Friday night at around one a.m. and the Highwood organizers wanted us to quit after three songs because of a noise complaint and the site being so close to the airport. Great, crazy people in the audience started to yell at the Highwood organizers to let us keep playing. The sound guy let us play one more song. Graham, being rock star-like, announced that we were only allowed to play one more song but we played three songs all mixed into one big song. We only played half a set. Highwood wasn't well organized.

What's next on the Porksword agenda?

Farmer Stu: To play lots of shows and record a new E.P.

Where can one get a Porksword tape?

Farmer Stu: In Saskatoon one can get Porksword tapes at Tramp's, Records on Wheels and Dine's. In Vancouver at Sam's on Seymour in the indie section.

When will Porksword play Vancouver?

Poop: Tomorrow.

Jon Jovi: Aren't we playing there tonight?
Steven: No, I have school tomorrow.
Farmer Stu: We hope to do this summer.

They wear Johnny Cash satin blouses



Psst! Want to become a "Friend of Porksword?" then write to:

Porksword
c/o Graham Poop
155 Charlebois Crescent
Saskatoon, Sk

Okay, so maybe I didn't know a heck of a lot about Tucson, Arizona's Machines of Loving Grace before our interview [Isn't that the purpose of interviews? — ed.] but I thoroughly enjoyed myself during the proceedings. I initially clued in to their individual abnormalities when members Scott Benzel (vocals), Mike Fisher (keyboards), Stuart Kupers (guitar and bass) and Brad Kemp (drums) introduced themselves as Ed Sullivan, John Lennon, Peter Gabriel and Mickey Hart—this was not going to be a serious interview.

According to Scott (who did most of the talking, with many humorous asides from Mike and Stuart), Richard Brautigan, a hippy poet who associated with the Beat scene a bit and wrote *All Watched Over By Machines of Loving Grace*, was "the dead poet guy" who inspired the band and their name. "I read it in high school and filed it in my memory banks," Scott recalls, "and that surfaced when it was time to name a band. We were going to call ourselves *Foreigner* but that had already been used!"

Despite that Machines of Loving Grace has been compared to Nine Inch Nails they display more depth than "bowing down" and renting houses that Charles Manson finger-painted on. They respect electronic and guitar bands and fashion their sound on both of those influences. More importantly, the band feels that a lot of people just, plainly, don't comprehend their mix of musical styles and resent being lumped into either category. "A lot of people are like, 'But you're not industrial...'" says Scott, "and we're like, 'Yeah, that's the point!'" They attribute this to lackadaisical North American journalism and the ability to describe things in but a few easy words.

Talk swiftly veered in another direction and before I knew it we were knee-deep into two issues on which many words have been spoken: health care and gun control. The band wasn't too optimistic that America will see either. The prognosis is

that health care will only get half-way and that although the Second Amendment doesn't guarantee the right to bear arms, unfortunately, it will always be interpreted that way. "America is in the pocket of Big Business," and lobbyists and insurance companies will get their way. There's a bias against socialized medicine "and fingers are pointed at Canada. Do you want to wait months for a liver transplant?" asks Scott. Additionally, the Second Amendment was written during "The British are coming!" phase of American history, when militias were needed, and was not meant for Mom and Pop to carry guns. "There's a lot of confusion and disinformation and I don't think America, in general, is as politically aware as certain other countries."

So how big is Tucson, anyway?
"About the size of this dressing room," claims Stuart.
"If you took three or four of these dressing rooms it'd be about three or four times the size of these dressing rooms; that's with the 'burbs," states Scott, giving us the facts.

Actually, according to Mike, Tucson is about 700,000 people large with a partiality for traditional Southwest rock ("klezmer music," quips Scott) and very few places for Machines of Loving Grace to play. Fortunately, a new venue opened up—a movie theatre was converted into a performance space—and the band performed their "biggest and best show" there recently. In spite of their apparent lack following in Phoenix, Brad and Scott lived in L.A. for awhile and

"enjoyed" all of California's natural wonders: "it shakes, it slides, it burns and it droughts." I offer my theory that it's all a way of telling Skinny Puppy they shouldn't have gone down there to record. They agree, citing "other evidence" with much laughter. When I mention Martin Atkins is supposedly working on the new Skinny Puppy album, Stuart enthuses:

"Rowan Atkinson?"
In light of North America's embracing of Generation X and all the baggage that comes with it, I was amazed that Americans knew about Blackadder, Mr. Bean and the work of Rowan Atkinson. Scott, however, doesn't buy that a British comedian is producing Skinny Puppy. Likewise, if you've seen the Gen-X classic, *Slacker*, you may remember the guy driving around with the PA system spewing anti-social vitriolic musings onto the streets. Machines of Loving Grace were cool enough to sample him. What did Mike identify with in the film that made him want to sample it?

"My life! That section of the movie struck me because it seemed so, well, like any other vignette in the movie, it seemed so random. I recorded it and decided to put it in the song 'Shake' because it fit really well." During the sample clearing process he discovered the segment was performed by Jim Rosch, a performance artist out of Florida. Rosch was contacted and he happily sent the band a copy of his album of different personality vignettes.

On a closing note it's decided that we should talk more about comedy [Like politics isn't an avenue for that—ed.], referring to The Kids in the Hall, of course. Mike pronounces them as one of Canada's best exports, besides Trump.

But what about Kim Mitchell? I ask.

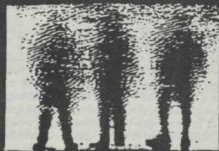
"What about Mae Moore?" they rebuttal. "What about Michael J. Fox? And I haven't seen any Mounties yet. Where's Dudley Do-Right?"

MACHINES OF LOVING GRACE

by June Seader



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Zipgun by Se

by Sean "Skyler" Raggett

Zipgun played a few weeks ago with Sinister Six and The Rockinghams on a beautiful Saturday evening at the Starfish Room. Discorder caught up with these four pizza-delivery punk-rock stars ("At one time all four of us delivered pizza...three of us [worked] for the same restaurant and our bass player worked at a compelling store," says Dan before their set in a cramped and smelly bathroom backstage. The interview was transcribed on the back of an old gig poster, using a copy of Supertramp's *Breakfast in America* record as a note pad, with a between-pile follow-up phone call from Dan at Picora's Italian Pizzeria in Seattle. Zipgun was a lot of fun to talk with, here's why:

Discorder: How was the drive across the 49th? Any problems?
Robbe (vocals): Real smooth, no problems, but we're looking forward to going back. We drove up in our bitchin' van
Dan (drums): If you're in a rock band you have to pay \$200 to the Canadian government to come and play 'cause they think you're gonna make all this money up here and take it out of the country. You tell them you're in a band and they give you a work permit that lets you play music for one night in Canada then leave. So you have to pay it yourself or get the club to pay the money.
Neil (guitar): We always get hassled going south. We were thinking of renaming the band Cavity Check. (laughs)

Why is Vancouver better than Seattle?
Dan: Prettier women, the weather, bigger, more cosmopolitan, the beer's strong. How's that?
Neil: Pretty belly dancers. Last time we played here we went to this ethnic restaurant and there was a crazy belly dancer shakin' around our table. Nuts.
When I visit Seattle I envision everyone around me packing guns. Do any of you own a piece?
Ian (bass): No.
Neil: We all have big guns. (laughs)

What's the difference between a Canadian and an American?
Neil: Two words: "eh" and "huh." Like, where a Canadian would say, "Nice day, eh?" an American would say, "Nice day, huh?"

The Rockinghams, who opened for you this time, covered a Kiss song in their set called "Come on and Love Me." Ever listen to Kiss?
Neil: I saw Kiss in '76, '77 and 1978 back in Denver.
Robbe: I hate Kiss. They stink!
Ian: I love Kiss. I've always loved them. They've had a big influence on my style today.

Does Zipgun cover any songs/bands?
Neil: We do a few Plasmatics covers, "Tight Black Pants" and "Born To Kill by the Damned, the Stone's Kind of Who, Yardbirds and Leonard Cohen—you name it.

Where are the members of Zipgun originally from?
Neil: I came from Denver, eight years ago.
Ian: I've lived in Seattle forever.
Robbe: Me too.
Dan: I'm from Portland but I've lived here for three years.

Where did the name Zipgun originate?
Dan: We stole it from a guy named Josh who used to work at Fallout Records. He was gonna have a band and call it Zipgun but we kinda took it from him—he never got it together.

Where did Zipgun originate? How did you meet?

Everclear by Gemma and Petra

So impressed were we with Everclear's first show in Vancouver a couple months back that we gladly jumped at the opportunity to meet Art Alexakis (vocals/guitar), Craig Montoya (bass/backing vocals) and Scott Cuthbert (drums) face to face and hear what they had to say. On stage they are an awesome combination of raw energy, honesty and emotion, fuelling their songs with passion and grit; the music roots deeply planted in punk rock have charm and a way of making you want to move. *Discorder* went for dinner with Everclear and, in between bites, managed to gain some insight into what makes Everclear what it is.

Discorder: Scott and Craig, you both answered Art's ad in *The Rocket*. What were the two of you doing prior to joining and forming Everclear?

Craig: I grew up in Spokane, Washington and moved down to Portland with a band. The same day that that band kind of fizzled out is the same day that I saw Art's ad in *The Rocket*.
Scott: I was a music education student at Oregon State. I was doing a little too much and everything blew up, so I quit everything and moved up to Alaska. I didn't get to my kit, seriously, for six or seven years. I was watching bands up there and thinking, "I'm busting my ass at this construction work and these guys are having a good time and using their talents." I needed to get back into civilization so I moved back to Portland and hooked up with these guys.

The band came together rather quickly. Art was a trial to find the players or did it just come together with Scott and Craig?

Art: Yeah, a lot of people answered the ad. When I met Craig he had never played this kind of music before—it kind of alienated him at first but he liked it and wanted to give it a try—and Scott had been away from it for awhile. I told my girlfriend, at that time, that I wasn't going to do it because she didn't want me to tour so we moved to Portland. I have a kid. I had a band in San Francisco [Colorfinger] that was about to get signed to a major and I walked away from it. But that was a good thing...there were a lot of substance abusers and bullshit. Anyway, we took our time—I

just gave it six months—and by the time September '93 rolled around we wanted to do a four-song demo. I wasn't sure if I wanted to stay in the band but after hearing the tape we were all like, "Hey, this is good!"
Scott: We were really surprised by ourselves with the demo.

You have a daughter now. How has that changed your life, Art?

Art: I don't know, what do you guys think? I think it's changed me. It's made me less flaky—I don't take some things quite as serious as I once did.

Scott: I think it's been really, really good for him. Art is in control of almost every aspect of the band and I think it's kind of brought out the warm, loving daddy in him. (laughs)

Art's musical background, aside from some country influences thanks to his mom, is pretty much early punk rock. Scott and Craig were your upbringing's similar?

Scott: You can't not be affected by the mainstream but I got hit by the new wave bug. I really love Elvis Costello, Joe Jackson, early Pretenders, Devo, all that stuff. Influences? I'm a music student so I've played everything from bebop jazz to the classics to some punk rock!

Craig: My hometown, Spokane, is pretty much full of punk rock bands. There was a band that I just loved called TFL and it was just full-on punk guys. I'm a lot younger than these guys, I'm only 23, so I didn't get influenced by the earlier stuff like X. I'd never even heard of X before!
Art: What he calls punk rock is

different from what I call punk rock. I want to get back to the music of the soul like Echo and the Bunnymen and A Flock of Seagulls, man. You know what I'm saying? The music that matters, dammit! Wang Chung, basically. "Everybody Wang Chung tonight!" Yeah, I like it all. Anything that's hooky and rocks. We've got *Heaven Tonight* in our van right now....

Was your previous band in San Francisco, Colorfinger, at all comparable to Everclear?
Art: Literally, it was a lot more personal than this stuff is; musically, it was more expansive and, at the same time, less *avant-garde*. Not that Everclear is *avant-garde* but I do a lot more dissonant, drony and more rhythmic changes in this band than I did in Colorfinger.

Are the Portland and San Francisco music scenes very different?

Art: The scene in Portland is way better. When we go play in San Francisco we go, "What? These are the big bands in SF?!" I'm going to get ragged in this but, I don't know, it's just a really weird scene.

Everclear has done so much in so little time: SXSW [South by Southwest], CMJ, Gavin Convention. How did you manage all of that?

Art: A lot of people knew me from Colorfinger, so I think that might have helped, but I didn't pull any strings to get into SXSW. I didn't consult label people to request our appearance [at those conferences], I just sent them the tape. That got us invited. That got the ball rolling with indie labels and

Neil: Ma and Robbe were having an argument in a Seattle Texaco over a girl. He put on a David Lee Roth record and five minutes later he had her gone. Her name was Tammy; Tammy P.
 Dan: We originated in Seattle in 1991. Robbe and I were already playing together when we met Neil, who was playing [with Ian] in the Derelicts. We worked together at the same pizza place so when the Derelicts broke up, and he was looking for a drummer and singer, we jammed around and it sounded good. Because the Derelicts were on eMPTy Records the guy who owns eMPTy, Blake, came to one of our practices. He said he liked it and put out our first single: Cool in the Cell. The single did good so he did an album; that's how it all started.

In total, Zipgun has released two full-length LPs and a handful of 7" records for the eMPTy label. Are the people at eMPTy records nice to you?
 Dan: We're really happy with eMPTy. They're nice to us and really supportive. Some of their bands have left for greener pastures—The Meices went on to London records and Gas Huffer moved to a different label—so I guess we're one of the oldest bands on the label now. We're gonna do another record coming out late-fall/early-next year. We like eMPTy.

How about the title of your new record?
 Dan: We called our record Baltimore because of when we were in Baltimore on our last tour: we took off from the club and drove to a friend's house that we were staying at; we went inside for ten or fifteen minutes, came back outside, and our entire van had been hot-wired stolen. The only thing left was the little latch for the window on the side—we found that on the ground. Everything in there: equipment, clothes, CDs, T-shirts, everything. Somewhere out there is someone listening to our CDs and walking around in our T-shirts.

How is the draw at most of your shows on tour?
 Dan: It varies. We do good in some cities and not so good in others. We couldn't really tour last time

because all of our stuff got stolen. We do good around the Northwest: Portland's really good for us; Vancouver has been good and bad. I think the secret is to keep on the road—keep going. The Supersuckers and Gas Huffer are prime examples of bands that are on the road 6-8 months out of the year. Word-of-mouth really pays off if you play good shows and people like you.

other people requesting material and talking about developmental deals. Tim/Kerr Records signed us and put out our *Nervous and Weird* E.P., which got us invited to the CMJ, and it's just kind of snowballed since the CMJ. We've got a publishing deal going down right now that will give us time and money to not worry about being signed to a major and just let us promote our record.

Tell us about Tim/Kerr Records. Who else is signed to the label?
 Art: Poison Idea, the Wipers, the Gits, uh, Sugar Boom, Cliveman Shoosters. They got a band called Ice Cream Headache that's okay. Another band, on a Salem label called Schizophrenic, that is going to be distributed by T/K, called Skiplodear, are one of the best new bands out of Portland. T/K are indie but they've got world-wide distribution.
 Craig: Pond did a single, Sprinkler, Saliva Tree....

Do you spend a lot of time on the road?
 Scott: As a matter of fact, you know, it doesn't seem like we're out too much but we really haven't had a weekend off here and there.

Where is your best audience?
 Craig: I love to play Spokane because it's my hometown and all my buddies come out. See, none of us grew up in Portland so it's not like all of our high school buddies come out to see us. But I love to play California—San Diego and San Francisco are really fun.
 Most memorable gigs?

because all of our stuff got stolen. We do good around the Northwest: Portland's really good for us; Vancouver has been good and bad. I think the secret is to keep on the road—keep going. The Supersuckers and Gas Huffer are prime examples of bands that are on the road 6-8 months out of the year. Word-of-mouth really pays off if you play good shows and people like you.

The cover art for Baltimore features a large person in a bunny suit and a poodle perched over the bunny's Easter basket of eggs. Who's the bunny?
 Ian: That's Dan, and if you look closely you'll see that the poodle has a raging erection.
 Dan: We thought it was really funny. We got that suit for cheap and we borrowed the dog from my landlord.

Tom Price (of Gas Huffer) plays organ on a few tracks, one of them "I Can't Wait." How did he hook up with Zipgun?
 Neil: He was the original drummer of the Derelicts. He was the first person I met when I came to Seattle.

Did any of you take piano lessons when you were kids?
 Dan & Robbe: Yup, (laughing enthusiastically). Ian: They're the most skillful members in the band and they have the easiest jobs. (laughs)
 Dan: Robbe can play "Bennie and the Jets" pretty good. I took lessons for a short amount of time and I think Ian took them too.

What is planned for Zipgun in the immediate future?
 Dan: We've planned a tour for May and we'll be releasing another single sometime late-summer. We'll have the new album out late-fall/early-winter and we're going to California at the end of May. Then we're looking forward to a tour with the New Bomb Turks in July.
 Neil: We're looking for a new bass player. (laughs) We'd like to release Charles Manson from prison.

Does he play bass?
 Neil: He can learn.
 Name a Canadian hero.
 Robbe: Mike Reno!
 Neil: Nardwuar
 Ian: Rob Wright
 Dan: Gordon Lightfoot.

Four Canadian provinces. (collectively) Ontario, Regina, the Northwest Territories, Edmonton and Saskatoon.

Starbucks or Seattle's Best?
 Ian: Folgers.
 Neil: Juan Valdez is the man.

Is vinyl dead?
 Robbe: No. Seven inch records will never die.
 Neil: Rock & roll sounds better on vinyl.

the bigger Portland bands. It's an attitude, man. It's an attitude of whether you take yourself too seriously or not, I think.

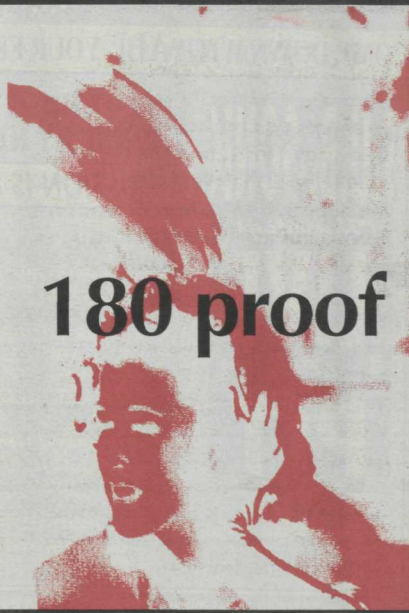
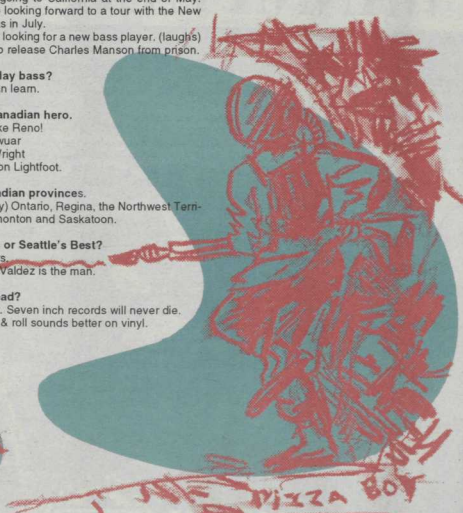
You also thanked all the strong women in your lives. Have women had a positive influence on you?
 Art: I did that. I grew up with women. Women have been very important to me as well as being the best friends that I've ever had.

You talk about some important issues in your songs: AIDS, addiction, relationships. What's important to you when writing a song?
 Art: It's just what comes out. If something starts bugging me I just start writing it down on paper. I try to put it in some sort of prose that I can express and then I just write a song from there. I try not to be too preachy. I don't like bands that preach about social or political issues.
 Scott: But the next album is going to be entirely about the road!

Everclear, the name, any definition?
 Art: Do you want to hear what I tell the stupid people on the radio down south or the truth? (Opting for the truth.) Basically, when I was a kid I used to drink Everclear and get sick. I mean, there was nothing more intense than drinking Everclear. It's pure grain alcohol, like 180 proof. I thought it would be a cool name back then when I was a heavy metal puke head.

What's next for Everclear?
 Art: Well, we're going to all get sex changes and become a jazz band.

The Rocket or Disorder? (unanimous) Disorder.
 Neil: The Rocket can eat a hard cock for breakfast.
 Robbe: Straight up, baby.



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THE CLASSICAL BEAT

This month's overview of the local classical music scene will start with a review of the *BBC at the Orpheum* performance of Bruch's *German Requiem*. Although as an irregular event it is a little out of the domain of what's usually covered (after all, the review isn't of much use to you unless you also know when and where you can hear the same work or ensemble), I thought the performance was worth mentioning for a number of reasons. Firstly, the performance was very well done even by professional standards, and secondly, *BBC Music* does an event of this sort at least once a year so even though their next performance of this scale will be of a different work (it will be the *Veni Requiem* on March 12th of 1995, in case you are a real scheduling freak) and will almost certainly involve different performers. It is worth keeping in mind as an inexpensive (\$4.00 for students or \$10.00 for others) and very enjoyable way to well worth seeing, but also very praiseworthy and on with the review.

Brahms' *German Requiem* was originally conceived of as a single movement and then given a premiere as a three-movement work before a boisterous audience (the musicians and choir were sufficiently rehearsed and rather bolded the performance). The work was expanded piecewise up to a total of seven movements with the last composed and fifth in the playing order being in memory of his mother. In its final 1869 form the *German Requiem* was the work that really focussed public attention on a struggling young Johannes Brahms and allowed him to switch from being a performer to a full-time composer. As the title suggests it is a religious funeral work, but unlike the more common large-scale funeral oratorios it is a secular work, devoid of allusions of loss and suffering, the *German Requiem* is a piece on a massive scale which deals with the sadness of parting but is more of an exaltation over death's power. For a truly religious work, as Brahms

this was not an affection but a true belief in a wonderful afterworld, and regardless of the listener's opinions on the matter the powerful delivery of lines like "Death, where is your sting?" is uplifting. (The line, by the way, is actually delivered in German as is the rest of the work.) Doubtless this has much to do with the work's popularity in comparison to other requiems of a more dark cast. Perhaps influenced by the *Choral (Noun) Symphony* of Beethoven which had been published nearly fifty years earlier, Brulnäs scored the *Requiem* for a full symphonic orchestra, large choir, and vocal soloists, thereby putting a great load not only on the stage but on the conductor as well. In general, as the

symphony and choir learn their parts in rehearsal, usually until the last few rehearsals, and the demanding task also gets the two groups to work together effectively and requires a skilled conductor to achieve the desired outcome. I must admit I went to this performance expecting it only to be passable...many of the choir members are volunteers who, without the threat of a grade hanging over them, I expected to have little motivation for the level of practice required to do a really good job on a work which is nearly an hour and a half long. It was delightfully surprised. Consisting of the UBC Symphony Orchestra, UBC Choral Union, and University Singers with James Fankhauser directing, Lauren Wagner as soprano soloist, and Theodor Baerg as baritone soloist, the ensemble put on a really outstanding performance in front of a near-capacity audience.

All seven movements of the final version of the work have both instrumental and choral parts. Calling for both sudden changes in dynamics and (in two movements) for changes in tempo, the work is a *tour de force* for any ensemble. Not only did the orchestra play with precision, but the singers kept very close time and maintained a clear sound from the beginning right up to the end of the concert. The baritone soloist (Theodore Baerg) did an excellent job, in keeping with his background as a professional opera singer, even at a seat well back in the balcony his voice was clear and distinct. The soprano soloist (Linda Newell), soprano Lauren Wagner (also a professional opera singer) was quite unable to make out distinct words while following a score. This was a little disappointing, but it was the only small blemish on an otherwise outstanding performance. Judging by the expressions and comments of other audience members, the concert was a great success. Not only was the concert a triumph,

Originally the program was advertised as having two other works in addition to the *Requiem*, but due to the prohibitive length of such a program the other works were wisely left off. As an additional bonus, there was none of the inappropriate applause which so often lards performances of this sort. I'm sure you know what I mean; some school performance is being done so all the relatives get tickets to see little Billy perform. The aforementioned relatives have, of course, no idea about the performance or even classical music in general. Nonetheless, they cheer and applaud enthusiastically at every break between movements, neither not noticing or not caring that no one else in the

audience is applauding or that the performers are looking at them strangely. (I suppose I should confess to having been one of these wayward applauders on at least one occasion. Hey, I thought there had been four movements....) Hopefully the lack of this at the *Requiem* performance was due to the relatives taking enough interest to actually ask Billy something about the work.

One final uplifting aspect of the program was the acknowledgement at the bottom of the program that the performance was sponsored by none other than Dr. David Strangway. I'm glad to see that at least some of his salary goes to good use.

With summer coming on, the concert schedule will be a little less full than in the winter months. The VSO has several concerts in May, with *Masterworks* performance of Verdi's *Macbeth* *Overture*, *Brahms's Piano Concerto* (with **Louis Lortie** as soloist), and Dvorak's ever-popular *Symphony No. 9*, more commonly known as the *New World Symphony*, on the 28th and 30th. On the 12th, 13th, and 14th, Kazuyoshi Akiyama conducts as the VSO performs the Third Suite from Respighi's *Ancient Airs and Dances*, Sallier's *St. Simeon*, Tchaikovsky's *Capriccio Latinoamericano*, and *Verdi's Vain* *Concerto No. 2 (La Cenerentola)* with Martin Beyer as soloist. On the 6th and 7th, the VSO pops is presenting "From Silents to Sound", a concert of early Hollywood film music. As is the usual case with VSO concerts, these are all at 8:00 PM in the Orpheum.

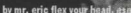
Early Music Vancouver is presenting **Ton Koopman and Tini Malthot**, considered by some to be the world's leading early-music keyboard duo, in a performance of J.S. Bach's masterpiece *The Art of Fugue* on May 26th at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, 189 W. 111th Avenue, 8:00 PM.

If you're going to be out in Victoria, the Early Music Society of the Islands is presenting **Monica Hugget** (violin) and **Tamara Bernstein** (fortepiano) in a concert of sonatas by Mozart and Beethoven on Saturday the 7th at Metropolitan United Church. Both of these musicians regularly perform with Early Music Vancouver and should put on a really great show. The performance time isn't given in their information, but if you're interested in finding out more you can call them at 370-4331.

That's about it for events in the next month, but with the summer season starting in June the concert schedule should pick up a bit. Good listening until next month!



Paul: Punk and hardcore mean two different things. Sex Pistols and the Damned—that's punk rock.

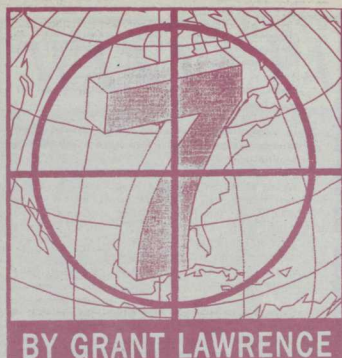


You're on a label in the U.K. called Elemental.
Paul: It's run by a guy named

Paul: If they're so puritanical why don't they pack their jobs in, not get paid and start up a fanzine or something.

Paul: They don't carry guns about with them but in the cities they'll have them in their cars. I'd much rather get clubbed on the head with a stick than get shot.

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BY GRANT LAWRENCE

As any of you youngsters in local bands are well aware of, it's May and that means *Music West*. A supposed time where new, unsigned bands both local and from across the country will flock to Vancouver in hopes of getting signed to some big-ass label and relax for the rest of their musical career. What I worry about is all the great bands who will leave *Music West* without the major contract. Do not despair, just cause some big-wigged schmutz from some lame major label doesn't think you're fit for signing, fuck 'em. They were just too busy schmoozing to notice how great you were. Remember the most important and respectable cliché in the music scene is DIY, something you can always count on no matter what, yourself. I will be looking forward to reviewing your upcoming 7" later.

One local group that will probably be raising its world-weary head at the conference is *SNFU* ahead-of-fast purveyors of the DIY ethic. The last time I heard *SNFU* was on some age-old punk compilation called *It Came From The Pit*, and I remember them to be stotty, fast and ferocious. They (and more likely me) are a little different now. I had little idea what to expect from this new 7" "Beautiful, Unlike You and I" b/w "Watering Holes." To my slight, jaded surprise the A-side is a fast, erratic rock tune that fails to impress. The B-side fares a little better falling into step with a more straightforward punk rocker with

a hefty shout-it-out chorus. But what's with the lead singer? He sounds like Jello Biafra with his nuts in a vice. (Horn Wreckers Music, P.O. Box 106, 101-1184 Denman St., Vancouver, B.C. V6G 2M9)

One group that would most likely, if anything, be banned from *Music West* is the *Uneven Steps*. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw their record! The warped, acid-washed, mustache-sporting sound engineer of sound engineers Evan Symons has finally committed some of his "music" to vinyl. The *Cactus Eye* EP is some of the most totally original, bizarre, abstract, *Slur* Trek-dream-sequence schlock I've ever come out of Vancouver. This is Dave from Thorson's face band, so there you go. (Step and a Half Records, 5527 Hastings St., Burnaby, B.C. V5B 1R2)

After that dementia, here's a local slab to prove what an incredibly diverse scene we have in town purveying our records. It's *White Rock's The Surfdusters* with their new surf instrumental EP, *Waves of Pleasure*. Local folks may remember these cats from opening for Dick Dale (twice), and the live shows are pretty much the gist of the three tunes of the record. The ripper sax is cool on "Phantom Train" but other than that the *Surfdusters* miss one crucial aspect of surf: they don't rock. But it's local, and therefore worth owning for the history books alone. (*Surfdusters* Records, 15605 Victoria Ave., White

Rock, B.C. V4B 1H9)

The *Surfdusters* could take a listen and a lesson from Germany's *The Astronauts* whose no-budget cheapie four-song intro-surf EP (you guessed it) *ROCKS!* Dressed up in homemade space suits 'n' all, the *Astronauts* (not to be confused with the original 60's *Astronauts*, Montreal's *Astronauts*, Seattle's *Acoustonauts*, or Vancouver's *Azonauts*) blast off the washed-over bazooka-beat, the over-driven reverb, and the non-existent-but-you-know-it's-there bass. A cool cover between *Link Way* and *The Phantom Surfers*. (Shot Down Records, M. Larisch, Sennar Hillweg 224, 33689 Bielefeld, Germany)

Just as no-budget and barebones is South City, CA's *The Brentwoods*; just three gals pounding out rock 'n' roll like their poodle skirts depended on it. Almost inaudible in its timeliness, this EP presents two rockers, "New Girl" and "Busboy" on the A-side, and a live performance of on R&B classic "Heeey-Jeebies" on South City's famed Radio X. Find like and buy if you dare. (Radio X, P.O. Box 63, South City, CA, 94083 U.S.A.)

Everyone's favorite gay rockers *Pansy Division* are back with *The Nine Inch Mules* EP, ram-packed with their ever-ripping promo-homo lyrics. Geex, Louise, these guys never quit! "Fuck Baddy" is a funny, rockin' original, and the two covers on the B-side please as well: the insightful "closet" themed "The Biggest Lie" penned by Bob Mould and an emotional rendition of Beat Happening's "Cry For A Shadow." Watch for *Pansy Division's* queer-core madness in *Vancouver for Music West* this month! (Lookout!, P.O. Box 11374, Berkeley, CA, 94701 U.S.A.)

New York's *A-Bones*, who would probably try to kick *Pansy Division's* ass until they heard their music, are apparently trying to release as many singles as possible before their runaround but hopefully untie break-up. Just out is "Hully Gully" b/w "Baby Doll" (featuring the A-Bones crooning on "Oh Canada," sort of) on Nannaimo's *Lance Rock Records*, and "Bad Boy" b/w "Come Back" (recorded by Kearny Barton on legendary Audio Recording Studios of Seattle, where the *Sonics* recorded their first LP). Both discs stomp, shout and shimmy in the true and true A-Bones fashion known by

rock 'n' roll connoisseurs the world over. (Lance Rock Records, 1223 College Dr., Nannaimo, B.C. V9R 5Z5; Demolition Derby, Tervuurstweg 1H, 1820 Perk, Belgium)

Coming in at a close second to the A-Bones' beat is North Carolina's warped *Southern Culture on the Skids* who are back with a collaboration 7" with some guy named Don Howland. "Cockroach Blues" and "Bird Nest Blues" are more of that grizzled-hot S.C.O.T.S. southern boogie-woogie, but I think I could have done without the dash of ugly *nyasyo* on side two...naughty, naughty. (Sympathy For The Record Industry)

Olympia's *Kicking Giant* have joined the K International Pop Underground for #42 in the heralded "7" series. As the title of the series suggests, this is pop; the A-side a slightly out of tune, but stellar jangly beat-pop tune called "She's Real," and the two songs on the flip follow suit in a fun, simplistic garage-pop form. Where was this action at their recent better-skefter Hastings Com-

munity Centre performance? (K Records, P.O. Box 7154, Olympia, WA, 98507 U.S.A.)

If you happen to be a regular reader of this column you'll know that the Velvet Underground are often mentioned. Simply put, their sound has been extremely influential for most of what we call today's pop and indie rock. Their records and performances changed rock 'n' roll forever, introducing new sounds, techniques and styles (not to mention a ton of great songs) that are constantly popping up in today's new independent music. Everyone from Jonathan Richman to Nirvana quotes them as a major influence. Their massive pioneering presence is heard everywhere, and a perfect example. Damn if the *Let Pavement Cut Your Hair* 7" doesn't sound spot-on VU! Not only does Pavement's singer echo Lou Reed in '66, these three great songs possess many of the creative virtues listed above. "Cut Your Hair" is the pick of the month, an instant pop hit sounding quite the bit like the Velvets smashing head-

long into Camper Van Beethoven. All hail Pavement, all hail the Velvet Underground. (Big Cat, P.O. Box 3074, London, W4 4ZN, England)

Dropping back into reality, '68 *Comeback* comes back with a couple of raunchy blues stompers for In The Red Records. The A-side's "It Gets a Little Red" is nothing special, but the flip's version of Charlie Feathers' "A Long Time Ago" kicks Memphis butt. And the front cover has gotta be the best candid shot of Southern white trash in the history of Southern white trash! Yee-ha!

Also on In The Red and last rumoured to have an album out for Crypt Records, so chances are I'm a-gonna dig. Sure 'nuff, *Fireworks* ignite and explode into some mighty primitive '50s style rock 'n' roll here, much like The Mummies or the aforementioned Brentwoods. Like a pounded down Screcheroo! This baby rocks the neighbourhood! (In The Red, 2627 Strong Place, Anaheim, CA, 92806 U.S.A.)



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SPECIAL



Last month, as the observant among you will have noticed, "Vancouver Special" was tragically deleted from the pages of *Discorder*. I suspect a secret plot to sabotage my attempt to document the Vancouver scene but, despite some serious investigation and finger-pointing, I have yet to identify a subject to be crucified for this terrible mishap. I will though. And until then, to quote the great Mr. T, "I pity the fool."

But on to things of more immediate interest to me and, I'm sure, to many others. A new "free space" has been opened at 311 W. Hastings, in the same building as Spatucous Books and just a stones throw away from Scratch records and Blast/Pop. Organized by the people affiliated (and

some who are not-so-affiliated) with the Quest Co-Op, the space has been open for just over a month now but is still in need of ideas and volunteers (Cash donations to help pay the rent would also be appreciated). If successful, this could be the start of something very special and beneficial to the local music scene—maybe something like a small-scale version of San Francisco's *Epicentre*—it all depends on the amount of support there is for the place. Weekly meetings are held on Fridays at 7:00 P.M. and, hopefully, there will be someone around at most other times as well. So check it out.

Another space to check out is Drayelands, the sight of a bunch of recent all-ages shows. Located on Francis at Clark,

it's dark, dingy and very punk: beer-soaked floors, graffiti on the walls and very few "rules." It's probably not a very good place to have your parents drop you off if they're giving you a ride to a show, so take a bus from downtown instead.

DEMOS!

Outright - From Protest to Confrontation
A straight-edge hardcore band from Victoria, Outright is kinda heavy and even have Neutros-style back-up screaming vocals. I'm sure they have a good live sound but, unfortunately, it doesn't translate well to 4-track and the songs on *From Protest to Confrontation* lack both intensity and structure. A good effort, nonetheless. (580 Stonoway, Victoria, B.C. V9C 3J8)

Demian - demo
Looking at this tape demo I would have to guess that Demian is a gothic band, kind of like Bauhaus. But I guess that old proverb is true: you can't judge a book (or a tape) by its cover. (P.O. Box 395, 340 W. Georgia St., Vancouver, B.C. V6B 3Z4)

various artist - *Show and Tell Vol. 1*
Featuring *Sex With Nikes*, *Juice Monkeys*, *Big Gulp*, *Slick Monkey* and the *Real Mackenzies*, *Show and Tell* is a compilation of bands who are currently playing the club circuit. All of the recordings are of great sound quality and the tracks by *Sex With Nikes* and *Big Gulp* really stand out. Hopefully, other bands will get it together and put out some more compilations like this. (Write Nicole at 1102-1110 W. 10th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V6H 1J1)

Shutdown - Taken on Numbers and Bliss
Playing punk-rock with a lot of metal overtones. Shutdown reminds me of early hard-core crossover days and skate-rock bands

like *Beyond Possession*. The vocals on *Taken on Numbers and Bliss* are, for the most part, inaudible and the vocals indecipherable but the packaging is good and there are plenty (61) of songs. (Headrush Records, P.O. Box 5514, Victoria, B.C. V8V 6V4)

Deadnail - Deliverance
Yep, this is death-metal alright: growling vocals, heavy guitars and long guitar solos. Very scary. I could barely read their name 'cause their logo is so evil looking. (No address. Try 666-Hell)

Man Bites Dogma - Bone
Man Bites Dogma has a sort of, neo-classic rock sound, similar to something like Pearl Jam. I'm not saying that this is necessarily good or bad. I just think that there's too much classic rock on Vancouver radio already. Maybe I'd like them better if I listened to them stoned but that's hardly a compliment. (6089 Jeanne Mune, Montreal, Que. H2H 4K9)

Kittens - Grizzly
I've said it before and I'll say it again, this band rules! Heavy, really heavy. Like the Melvins but heavier and more fucked. (267 Barker Blvd., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3R 2H4)

VINYL!

How come Mint Records is the only label that does 7" singles to "Vancouver Special"? Do you think Grant is the only person who reviews 7"? Hey, if it's local, even if it's not, send it my way.

kid champion - conscious 7"
This looks and sounds like a real rock so if that's what you're into you should like kid champion; however, it took me a while to get into *conscious*. It's really mellow and, at times, almost sounds like it's warped or

on the wrong speed—fuck is that annoying—but don't get me wrong. I like things mellow and I even like some indie-rock, but well, maybe I'm just not this hip. (Mint Records, 699-810 W. Broadway, Vancouver, B.C. V5Z 4C9)

Smugglers - Party, Party, Party! 7"
Ever since I was told that the Smugglers was now a straight-edge band I've been wondering if their sound has changed. Apparently not. This is up-tempo, goofy garage-rock with lots of attitude—not too different from their previous stuff at all. If this is straight-edge then maybe straight-edge isn't so bad after all. The record contains two originals and two covers and the packaging is great. Luckily for me, I got a copy with a cute member of the band on the cover. (Must be Bryce. —ed.) (Mint Records)

DIGITAL RECORDINGS!

Rock Colbourne and Hard Poetry - Hard Poetry CD
I can't really describe *Hard Poetry* as anything other than Canadian Rock-acoustic guitars and a couple of singers harmonizing with the lead-back bass and drums, and a bit up-tempo with a lot of soulful love songs. I suppose there are bands like this across the world but Canada sure seems to have, or at least to promote, a lot of them. (P.O. Box 9358, Nelson Park Post Office, Vancouver, B.C. V6E 4L7)

Eugene Ripper - Fast Folk Underground
Well, the title sort of sums it all up. Some folk, some rock and then some reggae from Eugene's other band, *Dead Head Cool*. Sort of a hodge-podge of one man's various musical endeavours. (P.O. Box 4415, Vancouver, B.C. V6B 1A4)

12 Midstate - Gutland
12 Midstate is that crazy artist who paints that weird stencil graffiti on the walls of just about every city in North America (you know, the dollar sign with all the sperm surrounding it, or the Statue of Liberty with a gun?) and, I believe, this is his musical debut. And what an interesting debut it is. I found *Gutland* quite humorous and tongue-in-cheek. The song titles ("Bowling with Jesus," "Beach Life Just Got Ugly" and "This Jacket Makes a Shitty Pillow") and lyrics remind me of an old 50s-type, teenage-angst movie soundtrack. (160 West Cordova St., Vancouver, B.C.)

FANZINES!

Your Cat is Dead (#1) and Popular Bolls (#3)
Two new publications from the Popular Bolls Emporium, seem to indicate that almost any collection of bits and bobs can be called a "zine" these days. The first issue of *Your Cat is Dead* deals with (you guessed it) post-cat-death depression, while issue #3 of *Popular Bolls* features "Bert & Ernie the Early Years," an expose of their sexual sell-out. *Popular Bolls* #3 also has a burb on walking down alleyways rather than on the main streets (cool). Both of these "zines" should be free but they'll cost you 25¢. (Popular Bolls Emporium, 602-1655 Haro St., Vancouver, B.C. V6G 1G9)

Just as weird as the above two "zines" but a bit more insightful is *Plutonic Prastitutes* (#1), a collection of satirical bubble that has emerged from the stifled imagination of a bunch of bored *Radical* readers. A few interesting points are brought up amongst all the suburban angst but the overall impression I got from this "zine" is that the water in Richmond is just a bit tainted. My advice to the writers: move. 5 1/2 X 8 1/2, 8 pgs; free! (184-8191 Gen. Currie Rd., Richmond, B.C. V6Y 1J9)

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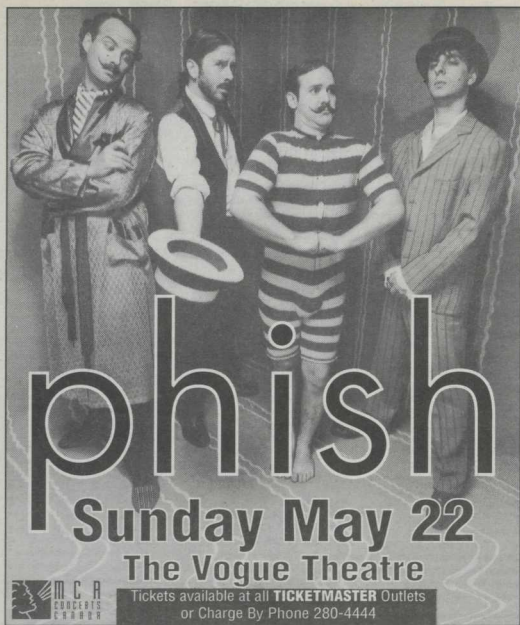
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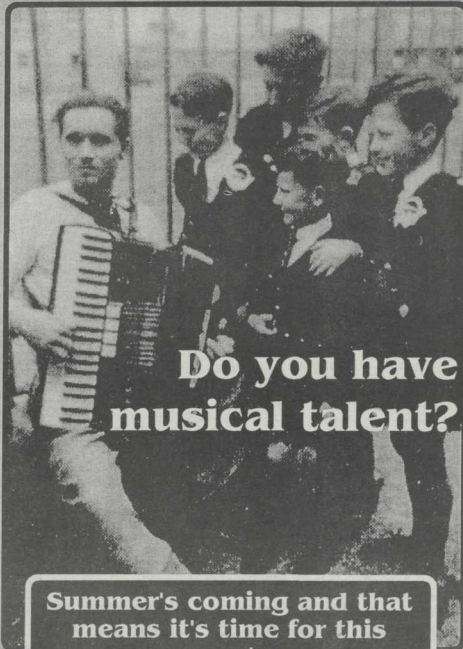
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CHARTS

MAY 94 LONG VINYL 50

1 SHONEN KNIFE	ROCK ANIMALS	VIRGIN
2 GREEN DAY	DOOKIE	REPRISE
3 KILDOZER	UNCOMPROMISING WAR ON ART ... TOUCH & GO	ATLANTIC
4 PERFUME TREE	THE SUNS RUNNING OUT	ZULU
5 JAWBOX	FOR YOUR OWN SPECIAL SWEETHEART	ATLANTIC
6 JACKBOX	ADICHO	IMP
7 CRUNT	CRUNT	TRANCE
8 KURIOUS	A CONSTIPATED MONKEY	COLUMBIA
9 ELVIS COSTELLO	BRUTAL YOUTH	WARNER
10 SLANT 6	SODA POP BPOFF	DISCORD
11 SEPULTURA	CHAOS A.D.	EPIC
12 MAGNETIC FIELDS	HOLIDAY	FEEL GOOD ALL OVER
13 PAVEMENT	CROOKED BAIN, CROOKED RAIN	MATA-DOR
14 SUPERCUNK	FOOLISH	MERGE
15 NINE INCH NAILS	MARCH OF THE PIGS	HALO SEVEN
16 MADDER ROSE	PANIC ON	SEED
17 NEGATIVELAND	OVER THE EDGE VOL. 5	SEALAND
18 AUTECHE	INCUNABULA	WARP
19 MATERIAL	MANTRA	AXIOM
20 THE ORB	LIVE '93	ISLAND
21 VEDA HILL	PATH OF A BODY	BALL OF FLAMES
22 FLUP	HOME IMPROVEMENTS	HEADHUNTER
23 ANDREAS AMMER/FM ENHET	RADIO INFERNO	ROUGH TRADE
24 PULL	ASCENDER	ATMOSPHERE
25 NAS	IT AIN'T HARD TO TELL	COLUMBIA
26 KMFDM	LIGHT	WAX TRAX
27 PORTASTATIC	I HOPE YOUR HEART IS NOT BRITTLE	MERGE
28 TRINAMIS WATER	GODSPEED THE PUNCHLINE	HOMESTEAD
29 JERU THE DOMEJAJA	COME CLEAN	PAYDAY
30 KMD	WHATA NIGGA KNOW?	ELEKTRA
31 SHAM 69	LIVE IN JAPAN	CREATIVE MAN

32 GUIDED BY VOICES	VAMPIRE ON TITUS	S.C.A.T.
33 SNOOP DOGGY DOG	GUN AND JUICE	DEATH ROW
34 ST. JHNNY	SPEED IS DREAMING	GEFFEN
35 PRONG	CLEANING	EPIC
36 MODERN JAZZ QUARTET	A CELEBRATION	ATLANTIC
37 LOW	I COULD LIVE IN HOPE	VERNON YARD
38 THE CLERGY	RIAMI	BROKEN
39 LORENA MCKENITT	THE MASK AND MIRROR	WARNER
40 PSYCHO TV	HEX SEX	CLEOPATRA
41 SMUDGE	IMPRACICAL JOKE	HAVE A COW
42 PANTERA	FAR BEYOND DRIVEN	EAST WEST
43 THE MANY	LEECH	EXOR
44 GANG STARR	HARD TO EARN	CHRYSALIS
45 BECK	LOSER	GEFFEN
46 VICK CHENUT	DRUNK	TEXAS HOTEL
47 DAYTONA	CHICANE	TULU
48 SUBSONICS	GOOD VIOLENCE	WORKYBIRD
49 PORKY/QUEEN/NOGGIN	SPLIT	TRACKSHUN
50 LUNA	BEWITCHED	ELEKTRA

MAY 94 SHORT VINYL 35

1 ERIC'S TRIP	WARM GIRL 7"	DERIVATIVE
2 THE STAND GT	SUGARBUTT 7"	TOP DRAWER
3 JALE	PROMISE 7"	SUB POP
4 SHONEN KNIFE	BROWN MUSHROOMS ... EP	VIRGIN
5 KID CHAMPION	JACLYN AND CHANTEL 7"	MINI
6 SUPERCHUNK	PRECISION AUTO PART 283 7"	MERGE
7 BISAMOBILE	THE REAL JANGLE EP	KILL ROCK STARS
8 TIGER TRAP/HENRY'S DRESS	ASTRONAUTICAL MUSIC FEAT 7"	SUMBERLAND
9 THE SQUARES	JUST ONE WORD 7"	GET HIP
10 VARIOUS ARTISTS	TERRAVAJ ASTHMA VOL. IX	C.I.Z
11 THE DUMMIES	IM GONE 7"	GET HIP
12 MORRISSEY	THE MORE YOU I.E. ... EP	SIRE
13 UNREST	CATH CAROL EP	4AD
14 THE CYNCIS	I LIVE ALONE 7"	GET HIP
15 THE SINISTER SIX	PAIN IN MY HEAD 7"	GET HIP
16 FAUNA	SONGONE 7"	PROSPECTIVE
17 YO LA TENGO	FROM A MOTEL SEX EP	MATADOR
18 BUM	MRS. ROCK AND ROLL 7"	ONE LOUDER
19 68 COMEBACK	FLIP, FLOP AND FLY 7"	GET HIP
20 BITE	CANKE 7"	DERIVATIVE
21 TINDERSTICKS	MARLES 7"	NO. 6
22 MARY LOU LORD	SOME JINGLE JANGLE ... 7"	KILL ROCK STARS
23 GOENADINE	DON'T FORGET THE HALO 7"	TEEN/SIMPLE
24 THE SURFDUSTERS	WAVES OF PLEASURE 7"	SURFDUST
25 MEXICAN POWER AUTHORITY	STRANG FROM ENDOVILE 7"	SCRATCH
26 THE EVAPORATORS	I'M GOING TO FRANCE 7"	NARDWAR
27 SE IN SPN	WYNGE MAN 7"	WOBBYBIRD
28 SMOG	A NET 7"	DRAG CITY
29 PAVEMENT	CUT YOUR HAIR EP	MATADOR
30 SUNNY DAY REAL ESTATE	THEFT, STEAL ME A PEACH 7"	ONE DAY I STOPPED
31 VARIOUS ARTISTS	THOSE PRE-PHLOXERA YEARS	BOX DOG
32 FRETRANNET	TWISTED 7"	ROCKVILLE
33 THE SMUGGLERS	PARTY PARTY PARTY POOPER	MINI
34 THE RED CRAYOLA	4TREN	DRAG CITY
35 JUNE	STRIPEATER 7"	FRICTION MEDIA

MAY 94 INDIE HOME JOBS

1 KREISS	EXPOSE
2 TIGER BEAT	BOUQUETS AND KISSES
3 HUCULE	PAVEDRV
4 CHXDIGIT	HIV
5 10 DAYS LATE	GETAWAY
6 GOOD HORSEY	HOW OSWALD STABLE RUMED MY LIFE
7 SPEEDBUGGY	WHEAT JEANS
8 MOTORGOAT	WHATS UH THE DEAL?
9 SPARKMASKER	SPEAKING OF HEROS
10 TICKLE TROUK	NO MEANS NO
11 MEET DAEY	SHINY
12 HUGO	TIME OF DAY
13 SISTER LOVERS	DREAMING
14 GROVER FUR	I LIKE YOU
15 ERIC ESTRADA & THE VELOUR NATION	D.O.R.K.
16 THE VINAIGRETTES	BLIND SPOT
17 MUTANT STARBISH	WHY DO YOU TALK?
18 BLACK EYED SUSAN	CHAMBERS
19 MAXX	SPRING CHICKEN
20 CONSPIRACY A-GO-GO	MAMACITA
21 CHILDREN OF ATOM	MINORITY OF ONE
22 BLASE PASCAL	SPOTLIGHT KIDD
23 HONEY	JELLYBITCH
24 SEX WITH NIXON	DAYSTAR
25 DAVID PEXLEY	JUST WHAT IS IT
26 THE REAL MCKENZIES	HAGGIESSES
27 GDAIN	LOOKING FOR A BETTER WAY
28 SCARLET BURLESQUE	SWEETER THAN SN
29 BOLT	AMERICAN MEAT CLUB
30 LESION	TEMPEST TORN

HOME BASS COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

1 CYBERTRAX	VISIONS - RISING	HIGH/UK
2 TRANSPARENT PRODUCTIONS	PROGRESSIVE TRANCE	WHITE LABEL/France
3 RUFF RIDER	SHAGGY BOOMS EP	KICKIN/UK
4 MORY	ALL THAT I NEED (SPEED TRANCE)	MIRE/CZECH
5 NICO	NICO'S NOISE CONTROL	CAS/US
6 MANDALA	HIGH NOON EP	NOCM/GERMANY
7 ADENATRAX	NITRO 9	DELEIRUM/GERMANY
8 GENTLE PLEASURE	LIGHT YEARS AWAY	SAVE THE VINYL/UK
9 KEOK & H.L.S.S.	WE ARE ONE SAMPLER	ADRENALIN/US
10 HARDFLOOR	INTO THE NATURE (REMIXES)	HARTHOUSE/US

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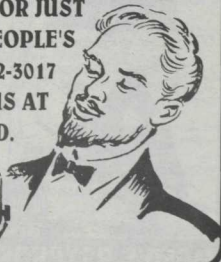


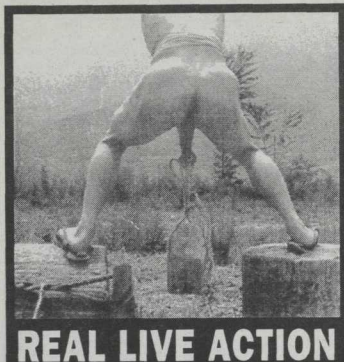
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Seaweed
Bivouac
Brand New Unit
Town Pump
Friday, March 25

The last time I saw a show at the Town Pump was for Uge Overkill, and as excellent as that show was, the antics of the crowd ranged from pathetic to just plain stupid. By this I mean the hopeless attempts by some to emulate the Earls of Suave on stage, and, by others, the dubious expressions of enthusiasm that looked a lot like a bunch of people flinging themselves at each other. The same kind of antics were going on at the Seaweed show (the first date on a nine week tour), and all I could think of was a quote from those Texas drunk-punks, Sugar Shack: "That shit ain't." (Actually, words like "gang-bang" and "human torpedos" also came to mind.) Being subjected to these attempts at having fun just isn't necessary, especially for those of us who want to watch a show without being "accidentally" knocked over and also for a handful like Seaweed who feed off of the collective energy of the whole audience, and not just of a select few. Nevertheless, it was a great show. I just can't get enough of

songs like "One Out of Four," "Baggage," and Seaweed's signature tune, "Kid Casidy." These songs really capture that punchy energy that puts a smile on my face. Oh, one final note: Seaweed just signed to Hollywood Records. Read it and weep, Bivouac, a band from Leeds,



BUM at the British, March 31, 1994. Photo by Paul Clarke.

England, played a set of feedback laden guitar crunch anchored by a Jesus Lizard-style rhythm section, but, whether due to jet lag or that archetypal reserved Brit personality, they had little energy and didn't

get much of a response from the crowd.

And finally (even though they were first on the bill), Vancouver's own Brand New Unit gave a lesson in self-deprecation. It's one thing for a band to say that even though they may not be nice guys, they're music is worthy of merit, but it's another when you actually hear them play and half of their songs sound alike and fizzle out before they've gained any real momentum. Case in point: B.N.U.'s cover of "Vengeance," by semi-legendary hardcore/skate rockers Beyond Possession. I used to see these guys gig around Calgary when I was younger and whenever I saw them I was sure that no one else would ever be able to pull of what they did on stage. Thanks to B.N.U. for proving me right. Nice try, but no cigar.

Bryce Dunn

Zipgun
Sinister Six
The Rockinghams
Starfish Room
Saturday, March 26

My preconceived notion that The Rockinghams was a rockabilly group was quickly dashed when this trio from Seattle (featuring ex-Muffs drummer Criss Cross) cranked out

who, I'm told, is quite happy to be rid of the Muffs type machine. A solid set from this wine-sipping, ten gallon-totin' trio.

Sinister Six was up next, and before they got started lead throat (and I do mean throat) Doug White reminded us that every time they played Vancouver the crowd kept getting bigger and bigger. True — it had grown from twenty people to forty. Shame on you, Mr. White! After this brief introduction, the band proceeded to steamroll our forty lazy asses into a pure guitar frenzy, tossing out tunes from their full-length, recently outta site! (on cMPTV Records). Sadly, it was all over in an instant — Sinister Six play it like they mean it.

It had been at least two years since I had last seen Zipgun, and after listening to their great LP, *Baltimore* (named after the city where they had all their gear ripped off on their last tour), it was cool to see and hear the punk rock stylings they displayed for those of us fortunate enough to attend their show. They've acquired a new bassist since their last one left to be a daddy, but he doesn't diminish the intensity of their three-chord festivities one bit. In fact, he just added to the already great show. I'm just sorry that most of you missed it.

Bryce Dunn

Caroliner Rainbow
Star Pimp
Superconductor
Fourth of July Toilet
Anza Club

Saturday, April 2

It was a heavy night at the Anza Club, with a challenging capital E Event kind of feeling and lots of people I never expected to see at a non-major label show.

Fourth of July Toilet is *Bunyon* Magazine-man Rob Drayton's memories of toilet training in the early-to-mid Seventies, inextricably linked to the music of the period, and especially to the trucking craze of the time. If watching someone regress that far (right into a diaper, in fact) appeals to you, then they were best checking out. They're all friends and everything, but I

won't be seeing them again. Capsule Review: whoopee shit.

Superconductor has attempted to mask their ever-increasing competence of the last few years, (how many years has it been?) by drafting new members (Jean Smith and John Preston) without actually teaching them the songs first. This made for an oddly interesting layer of chaos over the usual bonafides. It's a little interesting in that I spent most of the time trying to guess exactly

how many people on stage didn't know the songs. (Chris, actually, plus Scott on the organ, an instrument he had no prior experience with.) Capsule Review: awful, though they did maintain their usual high standard of on-stage patter.

Star Pimp was so comparatively musical that they threw me for a while. They have a tight rock background, not too straight but not too strange. A friend of mine described them as a revved-up Can. Their singer looked like she had just come from gym class and sounded like she was fighting to keep possession of her soul. Her voice went everywhere, trilling, improvising and rephrasing her presumably composed lyrics. Quite fascinating. The only really jarring point in the show was a cover of the Carpenters' "Won't Let a Day Without You." Capsule Review: A decent band with a great singer. I wanna' hear the

album.

Caroliner Rainbow (the words in their name always change) put up props and black lights, and then came out in costumes befitting their "music of the 1800's" schtick; a fluorescent bull totem, a fluorescent cowboy totem, and a sombrero festooned with the heads of stuffed animals. What they do musically is pretty insane, mumbling over clatter that breaks into an almost-riff before collapsing into a long squeaky thing, or playing just about any sort of weirdness. That said, they kind of bored me. On record, Caroliner are able to use volume and randomness with selective insanity, but in a crowded bar they have to be a spectacle and all subtlety is lost. Capsule Review: It was like taking the people from Superconductor who didn't know the songs and making them pretend to be The Residents.

Peter Menard



Projecting the veracity of the old adage, "Every band needs a good cheerleader" here Pateman at the Commodore, 27 March, 1994. Photo by Michael Fraser.



Hola, readers! There is yet another odd, disturbing trend appearing in the music biz, loud knows I may be a little paranoid, but I won't be the last to speak about this (read Eugene Chadbourne's column in the April 1994 issue of *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll*, for example.) Over the course of the last year or so a lot of the media that has supported indie music has been changing its policies in regards to cassettes: *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll*, the granddaddy o' punk 'zines, stopped reviewing tapes more than a year ago. CBC's late-night programs, "Nightlines" and "Brave New Waves," have virtually ignored cassette releases altogether. These are but a couple of examples.

The rationale that *MRR* gives is that they don't have time to waste through all the crappy tapes that cross their path. Granted, there is probably a lot o' garbage in that mountain o' tapes; however, I don't

believe that completely disallowing or ignoring a format just because it's too big of a job to get through is the easy way out. Not only that but the CBC programs, the *MRR* and all of the other 'zines that ignore or ghettoize tapes in a corner of the mag (not to slam *Terminal City* or our own "Van Special," this happens everywhere) are actually helping the multinationals increase their control over what music is made available. Think about it for a second.

In the late-60s and throughout the 70s you could purchase music in many formats: vinyl, cassette, 8-track and even reel-to-reel. Three of these four formats were recordable and the fourth was very cheap to produce. Of course, the music available to the consumer back then, for the most part, was crap but the big record companies were secure in the fact that even though anyone could put out what-

ever twisted thing their hearts desired (providing me with an endless supply of material for my column!) they wouldn't threaten their cash cow. And then in the late 70s D.I.Y. thing happened. It took a while but soon the indies were racking up substantial sales. The 8-track died because it was a pretty stupid format and the reel-to-reel as a consumer medium never took off because it wasn't portable enough. So they disappeared and we were left with cassettes and vinyl, both still accessible to DIY-ers. The big companies start to get threatened; coincidentally, the CD comes out, as does the Walkman™ Tape sales jump, largely due to rap and metal, and the majors force vinyl out of the CD stores because they want their big business (there which were still expensive for most indies to make). Vinyl pressing plants disappear by the scores, leaving few places for indies to get vinyl made.

Then we came to the late-'80s and the indie scene starts to become a real threat to the majors, with labels like Priority, Sub-Pop, Caroline and scores of others tracking up serious sales. The majors commence to sucking the sale-generating artists from these labels, co-opting the indie scene, and in the same time radio makes the switch to CDs. Therefore, you had a slim chance of airplay if you had a vinyl release and virtually no chance of airplay if you had a cassette release (except on college radio). Today, the majors have a lock on most major radio stations, including American college radio, most of the big record stores and the big media.

Don't you find it kind of odd that as music became less controllable by the multinationals that our format options to make said music accessible to the public were reduced? Still, the cheapest and most



UNDER REVIEW



INSPIRAL CARPETS

Devil Hopping (Mute/Elektra)

Before they sank into the uninspired and overproduced quagmire of their last two albums, Manchester's Inspiral Carpets was a pretty decent pop band with a knack for writing catchy songs propelled by enough cheesy keyboard riffs to make Ray Manzarek cringe. Their latest release, *Devil Hopping*, is pleasantly reminiscent of this earlier work and though it doesn't quite absolve them of their sins it does come close. Tracks such as "I Wait You" and "Party In The Sky" reveal a never-before suspected ability to rock, while the punchy intro on "Saturn 5" re-establishes the keyboard as an instrument of blithely kitsch and not one of monotonous textural wanking. Ultimately,

though, *Inspiral Carpets* is a hold-over from a long dead scene and *Devil Hopping* is far more nostalgic than new. If you grooved to the Manchester scene of 1989 when it finally hit Vancouver in 1991 then the Inspiral Carpets' new release will bring back happy memories of hazier days. If not, then it's probably best not to encourage these boys: there are already too many bands making careers out of dated mediocrity.

Les Vegas

KILLDOZER

Uncompromising War on Art Under the Dictatorship of the Proletariat (Touch and Go)

Wisconsin's heavy and eloquent Killdozer is back with a stirring and thought-provoking collection of socialist allegories—plus an extra six songs from an earlier E.P. (*Burl*) that was dedicated to the once-blacklisted American folklorist Burl Ives. Hinted at in the title, the eleven songs on *Uncompromising War on Art Under the Dictatorship of the Proletariat* are powerful depictions of the troubles forced upon the People by the capitalist state: "Enemy of the People" describes the tragic degradation of a proud rural worker who

became a 28-hour-a-week, minimum wage slave, while "Das Kapital" provides a graphic demonstration of how the evils of capitalism distract the Proletariat from their real problems. And the most accessible song on the album is perhaps, "Working Hard, Or Hardly Working?" which tells the tale of an exploited worker attempting to escape from the misery of his job by drowning himself while the mind-altering products of cruel corporations. But not every song on *UAW/UD* reeks of doom and gloom. "Knuckles the Dog (Who Hopes People)" is a beautiful saga of a heroic dog in an uncaring world, and "The Pig Was Cool" offers an inspiring exploration of the possibility of the police actually helping the People by refusing to enforce the unfair edicts of the State. For these songs alone, today's young socialists should acquire this album.

Because this album is a sterling example of inspired socialist songwriting and a graphic reminder to the bourgeoisie of their crimes against the people it will probably be shunned by many. But don't let yourself become a lobotomized tool of the ruling classes. The classic gems that these parasites listen to are more likely than those of Neil Diamond! This album may be loud, sloppy, unpolished and occasionally incompensable but I fuckin' love it!

Lin King



MATERIAL ISSUE

Freak City Soundtrack (Mercury/Polygram)

A few years ago we saw you at a party in Kirtland told me the Grapes of Wrath were "better than Badfinger."

"Would Kevin Kane ever hang himself for the Grapes?" I asked him, quickly bringing the conversation to an end. Okay, it was a pretty crass allusion to the suicides of Badfinger's Pete Ham and Tom Evans—tragic ends to tortured lives that had, nevertheless, made for some truly compelling music—but Badfinger isn't to be blamed for rock writers who can't distinguish between the work of the possessed and of those enamored of the possessed. The culty in the Beatlesque pop category. Thankfully, Material Issue never tries to obscure its privileged suburban agenda of getting girls and getting wasted because you just know that no matter how much alienation they suffered in Illinois' heavier indie circles they always had their parents' brand new Minivan to haul gear to and from gigs.

Distinction made. *Freak City Soundtrack* can be enjoyed for what it is: a light and pleasurable brand of summer pop with great vocals and pleasurable hooks, courtesy of leader Jim Ellison. Mind you, Ellison plays it so straight that you really notice and welcome the twists, like the only song from an outside writer ("Kinthe Waitress") or the guest work of Cheap Trick's Rick Nielsen and New Generation's Gary Clarke. Not to mention, in a curious pop *faux pas*, the tunes actually peak on the latter half of side two, starting with the Go-Gos-ish "EKO Beach." This time out, Material Issue has ditched the indie style of the Shooz' Jeff Murphy for Mike Chapman, whose credits include no less of a landmark LP than *Get the Knack*, and although none of this is quite as exciting as where Reid Kross or the Poses are giving *Freak City Soundtrack* rock hard. And you're going to burn out the party with a "How She Lied By Lying" either. Play it loud.

Mark Kleiner

MR.T EXPERIENCE

Our Bodies Our Selves (Lookout!)

Amidst premature rumours of their demise, legendary Berkeley punks The Mr. T Experience has released

its sixth album of hook-laden, instant-pop-punk classics. *Our Bodies Our Selves*, possibly the band's swan song, contains an incredibly diverse thirteen songs ranging from out-and-out punk rock ("More than Toast") to acoustic ballads ("Even Hitler had a Girlfriend") and a true cool instrumental ("Bride to Tarinibia"). Lead singer and pop-culture casualty Dr. Frank is even so bold as to try out his falsetto on a couple of tracks and make it work. In fact, it is true that The Mr. T Experience has broken up then we have lost another truly great band. They were here the Green Day who didn't...the Operation Ivy who never were...and a band who never shook its status as a novelty act, despite the fact that it made some of the most memorable albums for Lookout! Records.

Grant Lawrence



CARTER U.S.M.

Post Historic Monsters (I.R.S./Chrysalis)

Carter U.S.M. is a band that, in its native Britain at least, is possibly past its expiry date. 1991/92 was their time, really, when fans of the classic *30 Something* album were surfing a wave of post-Manchester euphoria and Carter sold out exhibition centres across the country. The trademark chant of "You Fat Bastard" (inspired by lighting manager and warm up man John "Fat Beant") was adopted by soccer crowds and 1992: *The Love Album*, the follow-up to *30 Something*, went to number one. But Carter's appeal, sort of some radical re-invention, looked like it might be short lived. Consequently, they have something to prove with *Post*

Historic Monsters and they turn out to be surprisingly successful.

While they haven't really used the blueprint laid down by *While You Were Out*, and although some of the tracks on 1992: *The Love Album* hinted that an escape from the shanty life, punkish guitars and dancey/techno/difficult-to-describe formula may be possible, they have produced something that's obviously Carter without being Carter by numbers. Part getting away from the old formula has been the dropping of old, brilliantly dated puns. You do kind of, miss lines like, "There's a free pair of flares with every lip replacement! Just take the stairs to the burgain basement" ("Shopper's Paradise", 30*Something*) but fame and critical acclaim are cruel necessities and sacrifices have to be made.

"Lenny and Terence," possibly their best single since "After the Watershed," is both brash and smooth and sounds like a bastard mixture of the Sex Pistols and Gary Glitter's "Lean On Me I Won't Fall Over." "Suicide Isn't Painless," on the other hand, is reminiscent of Michael Caine's musings in "Alfie." All in all, *Post Historic Monsters* shows that Carter U.S.M. does have the ability to endure but whether it will create enough fans for them to finally break North America is in doubt. Let's face it, in a continent that sends every Husker D! rip-off merchant to number one yet, amazingly, takes almost no notice of the British Sugar, what chance has anyone with a bit of flair and originality got?

Simon Hemelryk

CROW

My Kind of Pain (Half a Cow/Cargo)

The first time I heard Crow was last summer while vacationing in Sydney, the band's hometown. As it turns out I also happened to meet Australia's most evasive couple, my pals Simon and Ruby, who were friends and fans of Crow. According to the fabulous Ms. Ruby, Crow was formed in 1988 by brothers Peter and John Pention and is a relatively popular fuzz-rock band among the inner-city

rapid way of getting your music out to Joe Public is to put it on cassette but when you take that tape into any of the non-college stations, no matter the programming style, you'll get blown off. The papers will ignore you. The glossy mags will ignore you. Now *MRR* and our public radio shows, which are supposed to focus on new and different music, will ignore you as well. That doesn't leave you many avenues, does it? If I had the time (and money) I'd like to start a zine that focused solely on cassette releases.

One of the more constructive things you can do in this trend bugs you is pick up an indie cassette release the next time you are in the tape section of your favourite indie shop. If you at a gig and the opening band has a tape for sale buy it (it's amazing how many people at shows treat buying a tape like they were buying a car or something!)

Even if you haven't heard of the band because of the aforementioned reasons buy it anyway. It'll only cost you a few bucks, you'll help a really broke or very new artist get a break, and if it sucks you can always blank it and tape some damn thing like Beck on it!

Yikes!!!! I got so caught up in my little soapbox but that I almost forgot to grace you with a few pix! Here's a couple of goodies in the off-foregone cassette format:

EDGAR CAYCE

Awaken Your Psychic Powers (Audio Renaissance Tapes)

Cayce was a freaky, sort of, psychic guy who, if you believe the voice on the tape, did everything from medical diagnoses to predictions of the future. To me, he was as big a flake as L. Ron Hubbard was—though I notice that his spiritual

didn't stop others from making cold cash off their cold, dead bodies. This meditation tape teaches you how to be like the Man after the man, and if it sucks you can always blank it and tape some damn thing like Beck on it!

Yikes!!!! I got so caught up in my little soapbox but that I almost forgot to grace you with a few pix! Here's a couple of goodies in the off-foregone cassette format:

HARRIS BANK

Sound of Business (Harris Bankcorp)

Three pundits discuss and try to forecast (Sept. 1990) the economic possibilities of the Iraq invasion of Kuwait, for a very loooooong time. They wind up saying that, yes, all us fatcats will make lots of money off it. It's pretty funny to hear them predict no recession after the war, though. I wonder how many of these guys kept their jobs!

Genre: Strictly Business *Cheezability rating: 50*

NEUROSONICS

Harmonic Brainwave Synergy

Perfect for your chill room! Computerized noise patterns designed to enhance relaxation. Once again, there's a warning against driving or operating machinery while listening. This is the kind of New Agey stuff that guy you try to stay away from works "into." What's next, whale songs?

Genre: It's All In Your Mind *Cheezability rating: 85*

NATURE SOUNDS

Songs of the Whale (Silver Bells)

Nope, not the great Rheotactis album but whale noises! Once again, the accent is on peace and serenity but the only warning given is that it's not subliminal (though I sure felt like going out and voting for Doug Henning afterwards), so feel

free to pop this in while your truckin' that dynamite or doing surgery! Most people east of the mountains think we all own a copy of this.

Genre: It's All In Your Mind *Cheezability rating: 70*

EINSTEIN COLLEGE

Practical Reviews in Internal Medicine

About as exciting as it sounds. *Genre: Quicks*
Cheezability rating: 75

THE PICK O' THE MONTH!!!!!!!!!!!!

BENSON PROMOTIONS INC.

Your Introduction to an Incredible Product

The cover of this tape gives no hint as to what this product is except

that it's incredible. A listen to it tells you about a miracle health formula, KM, discovered by the guy who invented latex paint and the flash-freezing process used for T.V. dinners. They make a point of the "sense of well-being" you get from using it. Whether or not this has been banned by the government yet I don't know.

Genre: Snake Oil *Cheezability rating: 90*

That's all I have space for this month! Next month I'll have more poth pix for y'all and you folks who gave me stuff for review purposes, hang tough. Hey, drop me a line c/o *Disorder!*

indie crowd of Sydney. Ruby says that John is an amazing drummer who looks like he's going to fall apart every time he plays and that Peter, Crow's vocalist and primary songwriter, is an enigmatic performer who always wears very stylish shirts.

Crow's first release was the 1990 *Sunburnt Throats and Happy Thunderclouds E.P.*, which includes a gem of a song called "Charley Horses," pick up a copy if you can. After a handful of other E.P.s, *My Kind of Pain* was recorded in Chicago last year and produced by Steve Albini (known for his work with Nirvana, the Pixies and Jesus Lizard). Apparently, the band wasn't pleased with Albini's mix and remixed the album back home. During Crow's time in America personality clashes between the brothers caused John to quit and Tina Stevens of The Plug Ughies was recruited for a period. Ruby tells me a boy named Andy (formerly of Orson and The Vanilla Chainsaws) now plays the kit.

My Kind of Pain's first single for Half a Cow records (Smudge, Godstar), owned by Nic Dalton of Lemonheads fame, "Railhead," is a chaotic blend of dreamy guitar floating against a backdrop of thick, wailing vocals. As well, the entire album reeks of ambivalence: slow, winding, helplessly melodic songs that remind me of the coolest times in the world—times with Ruby and Simon.

Skyler

SISTER MACHINE GUN The Torture Technique (Wax Trax)

Industrial music has, by and large, kept pace with itself and matched wit with today's demands of hardcore, guitar-sampled dance and gothcore. Sister Machine Gun has proven no exception and, while still living up to the new definition of industrial music, *The Torture Technique* (mixed by Die Warzau and featuring KMFDM's En Esch on guitar) is testimony that they do their job well. Simply, in the category of industrial music, Sister Machine Gun outshines 80% of the bands with no cognizance of experimental-cum-noise harmonics—bands which have become too representative of the genre. But because the genre is so imitative of itself even this attempt is rather flat.

Christian

MERLIN A Noise Supreme (Channel Three Records)

Anything that has been cool about music in the past ten years can be found somewhere on Merlin's *A Noise Supreme*. Lazy born lines, distorted guitars and interesting noise samples layered on top of hip-hop rhythms and disco beats, Merlin amalgamates musical styles quite tastefully. Although, I don't particularly like Merlin's singing voice there is some singing and plenty of rapping, with lyrics ranging from provocative to offensive, and accompaniments funky enough to save my interest.

Similar to Coltrane's *A Love Supreme* this record is a musical experiment; however, the success of the experiment remains uncertain because such success can only be measured by the extent of the influence it has on future musicians.

Vince Yeh



RICHARD THOMPSON Mirror Blue (Capitol)

Long considered a "player's player," Richard Thompson's newest release, *Mirror Blue*, should prove satisfactory to those who enjoy hearing guitar that continually challenges the listener's ability to predict where it will be going. Thompson continues, as he has done in the past, to stray from the conventions of new music and winds up creating a sound, through-out most of *Mirror Blue*, that combines various Celtic and traditional English influences. (Listen to "MGB-GT," an almost traditional

baroque ode, or "The Way That it Shows" and you'll hear exactly what I'm referring to.) While some songs consist of only acoustic guitar and vocals, most are complemented by bass and percussion with occasional pipes, mandolins, flutes and other instrumentation. In these the guitar only stands out for Thompson's creative playing and "song writing."

Mirror Blue features a pleasant combination of folk melodies and sometimes-poppy songs that producer Mitchell Froom (Crowded House, Los Lobos, Suzanne Vega) has accentuated by adding his own sound to the eclecticism. Filled with those strange percussion flanges and other sonic oddities that distinguish Froom from his peers, the ethereal background behind Thompson's stellar songs make for a brilliant combination. Much like the cover art and corresponding title, *Mirror Blue* is a superb reflection on the reputation this performer's abilities have acquired and equally worthy of continuing that reputation.

Brian Wieser



THE MEICES Tastes Like Chicken (London)

Almost immediately after purchasing *Tastes Like Chicken* I was shocked to discover that the Meices are now on a major label! Goz, isn't there anyone left on an independent label these days? But it's the music that counts and not the label that represents it, right? (Yeah, when orangutans fly outta my ass!) Anyway, to go with their bigger label The Meices now have a bigger sound, produced by rock/producer extraordinaire Kurt Bloch.

Tastes Like Chicken has an incredibly full sound for a record by a simple power-pop trio: the razor-edged guitar playing is layered several times over, the vocals are high-pitched and pleading, and every grunt, gasp and screech of feedback is tweaked and brought into the mix to become a part of the songs. As well, there are literally no breaks between these bursts of speedy pop-rock, furnishing the album with an overall fluidity and ambience. Rather than twelve separate songs the album plays like one continuous whole—more records should possess this quality. *Tastes Like Chicken* is a great piece of work with bizarre and hilarious cover art and, if you're one of those people who need a companion [obscure as it may be—ed.], the Meices, at times, sound almost exactly like the Stand GT.

Grant Lawrence



ALPHA BLONDY Live au Zenith (Paris) (World Pacific)

Although he was born and raised in the Ivory Coast, Alpha Blondy's music transcends cultural, language and all other artificial barriers dividing humanity. Never before has this been so apparent as it is on his new live album, *Live au Zenith (Paris)*, in which he embraces his enthusiastic audience with soulful reggae music. Sharing the same performance qualities with Marley (Alpha Blondy, in fact, recorded with the Wailers in the past), *Live au Zenith (Paris)* plays like a collection of his greatest hits. Like many respected reggae musicians, his songs deal with spiritual inspiration, unity and politics and his sincerity speaks loud and un-matched.

Alpha Blondy also demonstrates his aptitude for languages by singing his songs in 4 different languages. (My favourite tracks are "Cocody Rock," a new composition entitled "Benediction" and

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"Psalm 23," an adaptation of the well-known Biblical psalm.) In addition to the essential du-wie bass and drum grooves, Blondy is colorfully accompanied by a horn section and background singers, making for superb arrangements of already great songs.

Vince Yeh

THE MUMMIES

Party At Steve's House (Pin Up)

San Francisco's swaddled ones, The Mummies, are back with yet another posthumous album to showcase twelve of the most lo-fi, unfiltered and downright filthy rock 'n' roll tunes I have ever heard. This is balls-out, CDs-suck, fuck-you punk full of wailing sax, pounding organs and guitars strung with barbed wire. So what if most of the songs on *Party At Steve's House* are covers of old 50's rock songs? Old chestnuts such as "Big Boy Pete," "Shake!" and "Old Remus" "Zip A Dec Duo Dali" have never had such brutally honest workovers. Snag this album if you can—it's a European import—and you'll hear what rock 'n' roll should be all about. (Pin Up Records, Bismarckstr. 23, 33615, Bielefeld, Germany)

Grant Lawrence

NEGATIVLAND

Willasphone Stupid Shove II—Over the Edge Vol. 6 (Seeland)

Negativland has just released its sixth instalment of material from their radio show on Berkeley public-access station KPFA and, yes, there is more to Negativland than the fuss over some illegal samples? The *Willasphone Stupid Shove II—Over the Edge Vol. 6* is a double CD set containing two-and-a-half hours (edited from ten hours) of spoken material dealing, primarily, with the Weatherman and incorporating an abundant use of tools and audio tape from family holidays. Granted, the editing helps *The Willasphone Stupid Shove II* keep as "live" feel, this is radio the way you wish it were.

Typically, spoken matter releases don't carry a wide appeal but this is probably a better use of your cash than any of Henry Rollins' spoken word stuff (a guy who really believes his own hype).

Ian King

KRISTIN HERSH

Hips and Makers (Sire/Reprise)

Kristin was always the miserable one in the *Throwing Muses* and *Hips and Makers* suggests that perhaps it might not be a good idea to leave her unattended in a hardware store. After freeing herself from the bouncy influence of Tanya Donnelly (now in Belly) she showed on last year's *Red Heaven* just how upset she could get if the put her hand to it. Now Kristin is going it completely alone and her first solo effort, while good in a bevy of ways, is so depressing that she has really excelled herself this time. Fortunately, for the most part, it's a damn fine down and gloom.

"A Lavin" has an inspired switch of pace mid-way through,

changing from PJ Harvey at her most pre-menstrual to a sedated Joni Mitchell, and the first-rate duet with Michael Stipe ("Your Ghost") is angst-ridden without being too self-indulgent. "Beesting" also stands up to anything the *Throwing Muses* did apart from an unfortunate (and presumably unintentional) resemblance to the theme from *Seaside Street*. However, the big problem seeming to dog a lot of acts at the moment, Kristin being no exception, is that their albums are just too damn long. Fifteen songs of tortured anguish are more than any man can take, especially when they are all in the same style. I mean, the album certainly has a stark beauty about it but so has Kantelope and you wouldn't want to spend too long there.

Simon Hemelryk



DAYTONA Chicane (Zulu)

Okay, I admit it, the main reason I picked up *Daytona's Chicane* is because the band named itself after a motorcycle. Keeping that in mind, one would expect the music to be frenetic as hell and bloody loud. It's not but I like it anyway! *Chicane* is not pure pop but poppy, nonetheless. Great acoustic/electric guitar duels between Jeany Lundgren and Colin Cleaver supposedly derive the "noise" in the noise-pop description—chords crash into each other, notes left ringing—but it's the solid rhythms and production that really flesh out the record. Bucking the current trends, they even actually make the vocals clear and intelligible!

But what about the tunes? "Ride into Tomorrow" rocks out, while I can hear why commercial radio has taken a shine to "Like Heaven" and "Goo" really shows off that excellent acoustic/electric action previously mentioned. All is not sweet and light, however (though you COULD describe the songs that way). A couple of tunes like "Go Faster Stupid" and "Will She Run" are the kind of lifeless and I really couldn't dig "Rumble Rumble." Outside of those minor gripes, *Chicane* is a fine release that's hard to fault. Pop isn't so bad, I may end up listening to more of the genre.

Ian King

NINE INCH NAILS

The Downward Spiral (Nothing/TVT/Interscope)

Apparently, the last Nine Inch Nails release was a very bitter, sort of "fuck-you" to the girl that had just jilted main man Trent Reznor. Although over that, Trent seems to

have another bone to pick with most of the world. His lyrics just don't seem to be those of a happy, joyful guy: "I want to know everything / I want to be everywhere / I want to fuck everyone in the world / I want to do something that matters."

I'm not sure what it is like about *The Downward Spiral*—an extremely produced techno album with a lot of synthesizers isn't usually my scene—but even as I sit here listening to it I find myself pleasantly surprised. It may be in part to the music changing from being really thick and loud to being melodious and clean within the breadth of a song but even then I have to wonder if Trent Reznor has been listening to the Smashing Pumpkins a little too much, or maybe vice versa?

Robin

LUNA

Bewitched (Elektra/WEA)

Bewitched has laid to rest any remaining doubts of whether or not singer/songwriter/guitarist Dean Wareham did the right thing by dissolving Galactic 500 to form Luna. With the addition of guitarist Sean Eden, Luna is now a very tight, very cool foursome that is doing things Galactic 500 never even dreamed of. From the hypnotizing vibrations of the appropriately named title-track, to the warm and jangly guitar sound on "Going Home," these songs will have your mind grooving in a dozen directions and compose the soundtrack to your dreams. When asked to reveal something about the mysterious charm of Luna's "Secret Dean Wareham" replied, "It's better to forget to remember." Yeah, sweet dreams.

W.W.

DQE

But Me, I Fell Down (Feel Good All Over)

"I'm not going on 'cause I can't change your world and I won't live this life / I can't change your world and I won't take it easy and I won't die this death / it's a funny thing." So begins DQE's first full-length release, *But Me, I Fell Down*, a damn fine album that does indeed make you feel good all over. DQE shares the same tendency towards kooky, low-fi pop as label-mates like Nice, Ashray Boy and Scrawl do and the band's influences, both obvious and wonderful, include Daniel Johnston, Jai Fair and the Illinois State Mental Institute. Singer/guitarist/organist Grace Braun winds her bizarre harmonies around stories of incest, loneliness and foolish love making *But Me, I Fell Down* more exciting, interesting and way more tastier than an ice-cream cone on a hot summer day!

Miko Hoffman

G-WHIZ

Hook (Medical Records)

There's no denying the fact that G-Whiz is a damn good band. Backed by solid song writing and more competent musicianship and pro-

duction values which do those said components justice, G-Whiz is more than capable of penning a truly memorable pop-punk tune. In fact, *Hook* is full of them. *Hook* is full of great songs to listen to while cruising the town in your big drill car. You needn't be the descendants of Albert Einstein to have this theory of relativity all figured out!

Mr. Eric FYH



VELVET CACTUS SOCIETY ShimmyBoat (Shimmy disc)

To say Velvet Cactus Society's *ShimmyBoat* is bizarre, would not be complete; Velvet Cactus Society goes beyond weird into the world of the banal, the tedious and, "Well, if I hold my finger on the forward button long enough I'm bound to get to a good bit."

Weirdness is a great thing in a record, I worship weirdness for spitting in the face of conformity, but the music doesn't gel with Dave, the lead vocalist. Dave doesn't sing, he speaks, and he seems to love the sound of his own annoying voice. *ShimmyBoat*, as a result, ends up as a sloshy mess of twenty-six tracks (some of which are just itksome snippets of noise) and the impetus for a very bad headache.

Dinos Kyrrou

JAWBOX For Your Own Special Sweetheart (Atlantic/WEA)

With its first major-label release, *For Your Own Special Sweetheart*, Jawbox remains true to its Dischord roots and releases a high-energy cacophony interwoven with consistently beautiful melodies and vocal harmonies. You'll be sent reeling by the vigorous guitar noise assembled to, seemingly, soften the sensory overload of songs such as "Cruel Swing" and "LS/MFT" in

spite of the album's brief respite—such as Kim Coletta's reassuring background vocals on "Chicago Piano" or the jangly guitars and two-part harmony on "U-Traun." At the end of it all you'll emerge screaming for your own special sweetheart to sort out the soup your brain has become.

Kazi



songs, ranging in mood from upbeat and light-hearted to eerie and melancholy, are both intelligently written and beautifully performed. But *In the Pink* is a critic's LP. Throughout the record too-much-o-a-good-things applies as the songs tend to drag on and, for the most part, they just don't grab me. Maybe Amos is just too sophisticated for a guy raised on distortion and three-chord punk songs.

William Wang



TORI AMOS In the Pink (EastWest/WEA)

It's evident why everyone is raving about Tori Amos and although I feel obligated to rave about *In the Pink* I can't. Tori Amos is an incredibly talented songwriter, lyricist, singer and pianist, and her



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G-WHIZ

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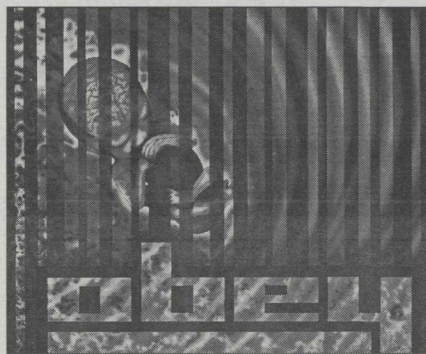
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Hüsker Dü * The Living End

Over the length of their career, Hüsker Dü became one of the most influential alternative bands ever. Led by guitarist Bob Mould and drummer Grant Hart, they managed to deftly combine the animal fury of punk with skin-tipping melodic hooks. Recorded in Toronto on their last tour in 1987, *The Living End* manages to catch the majesty of their show with all its beauty and power.

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Lou Barlow * A Collection of Home Recordings

Lou Barlow's acoustic side project to Sebadoh captures many a poignant moment, which proves less is more, if in the right hands. A man who truly deserves a tribute album as one of the finest songwriters of the last few years. Also recommended: Sebadoh's new 4-song self-titled EP.

● 11.98 IMPORT



Seefeele * Quique

Seefeele are an up-and-coming band from the UK whose name can be taken literally in that to hear is to see and feel. *Seefeele* are ambient and mesmerizing, using guitars to create a wall of euphoric and mood-enhancing sound. Glide along with *quique* and see it, feel it, hear it, but most of all — buy it!

● 16.98 ■ 10.98 IMPORT



Superchunk * Foolish

The new Superchunk album shows that even the best of bands can expand and diversify. Sure it's a little slower, but it's much more deliberate and thoughtful, delving into new musical directions, still maintaining their renowned energy and propensity for catchy hooks. Change and growth can make a good band great and a great band even better.

● 14.98 ■ 9.98 IMPORT

Come * Wrong Side

Finally, a new single of bluesy guitar stuff from Boston's finest. Showing off the raunchy Paul Smith-esque vocals of Thalia Zekel and Chris Brokaw's raw and intense guitar stylings, *Wrong Side* will put you on the North Side of the hippest stuff happening.

● EP 7.98 IMPORT

Drive Like Jehu * Yank Crime

With clenched-jaw tension, Drive Like Jehu's major label debut *Yank Crime* teems with angst-filled energy, broadcast in huge expressions of existential riff rock with intense and abrupt obliqueness. Oh, and it's pretty catchy too.

● 14.98 ■ 9.98 IMPORT

Orbital * Diversions

A frenetic feast for fans, including an explosive John Peel Session, and the ultra-rare *Impact USA* and *Semi-Detached*.

Available second week in May
● 14.98 ■ 9.98 IMPORT

Gil Scott-Heron * Spirits

Contextually brilliant on par with Sly Stone's *There's a Riot Going On* and Miles Davis' *Around the Corner*, Gil Scott-Heron returns uncompromisingly urgent, strong, and soulful upon the contemporary musician/activist/ poet scene. Author of the defiant classic *The Revolution Will Not Be Televised*, Scott-Heron's liberating voice rings proud and true. *Spirits* gathers the threads of progressive jazz, hip hop, and r&b to weave a forceful record unlike others.

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Mazzy Star * Fade Into You

Dark, swanky isolation, blue torch song lounge grind, distant and withdrawn, yet haunting and beautiful. *Mazzy Star* is the soundtrack for this type of loneliness and absinthes is the drink of choice at their table. New EP out now with two unreleased tracks.

● EP 7.98 IMPORT

Nick Cave & the Bad Seeds * Let Love In

The lounge lizard king of melodrama is back with another moody release of dark, cathartic soul-searching. *Let Love In* builds beautiful ballads into frightening, intense, towering monuments of songwriting. Do yourself a favour and let Nick Cave into your needy world, if you haven't already done so.

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